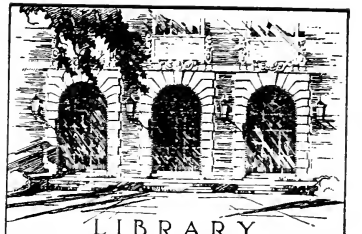

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Romantic Tales,

BY

M. G. LEWIS,

Author of the Monk, Adelgitha, &c.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

—" Ah! happy he, who thus in magic themes
O'er worlds bewitched in early rapture dreams,
Where wild enchantment waves her potent wand,
And Fancy's beauties fill her fairy land."—

CRABBE.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CONTAINING

THE FOUR FACARDINS, PART II.

OBERON'S HENCHMAN, OR THE LEGEND OF THE THREE SISTERS.

London:

PRINTED BY D. N. SHURY, 7, BERWICK STREET,

FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1808.

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THE FOUR FACARDINS,

AN ARABIAN TALE.

PART II.

—"Call up him, who left half told
The story."—

MILTON.

1003499

THE FOUR FACARDINS.

PART II.

—"And by and by the second course
Comes lagging like a distanced horse."—

SOAME JENYNS.

—"I INFORMED your majesty," continued Facardin of the Chrystal Rock, [for such was the title assumed by him upon delivering Chrystallina the Curious,] "I informed your majesty, that on the banks of the river I was destined to behold a sight, the most singular and magnificent: but upon recollection it strikes me, that it may possibly make my narrative more intelligible, if, before I describe the nature of that sight, I relate the events which occurred previously."—

possession was confirmed by the amusement afforded me by his conversation, and by a peculiar manner of expressing himself, which gave value to the most insignificant trifles. I listened to him with inexpressible pleasure, and thought, that the charms of his natural eloquence were not a little set off by a set of the whitest teeth that I ever beheld. Being naturally open and conversible, I soon gave him to understand that I felt interested in his fate; and finding, that our sentiments of esteem were mutual, we vowed upon the spot eternal friendship, and promised to communicate our adventures to one another with the very first opportunity. I shall not fail to recount them to your exalted majesty in their proper place.

(The impatient Dinarzade gave a deep groan on hearing this promise; but the speaker paid her no sort of attention.)

Such discourse (continued he) conducted us to the banks of the river, where an infinite number of pavillions formed of the richest and most beautiful chintz, inform-

ed us, that the Princess Moussellina was already arrived. In spite of the numerous company in which I found myself, (of which certainly not a member seemed to have met with a more fashionable taylor than myself,) I could not help feeling rather embarrassed at the idea of appearing thus singularly accoutred before so illustrious an assembly. The attendants of the Princess, as I had already been informed, consisted of the principal Satraps and most distinguished characters of the court of Astracan; and as I have remarked, that people of the highest rank are generally people of the worst manners, I made no doubt, that I should be ridiculed most intolerably. In this I was mistaken: the deliverance of their mistress from her tedious gravity was a point of too much consequence to permit her attendants to be merry on the subject. On the contrary, they loaded us with compliments upon the extreme absurdity of our appearance; and I could perceive, that my companions were as much delighted to be thought ridiculous

upon *this* occasion, as they would have been offended upon any other; such is the influence of circumstances.

I must not, however, omit to mention, that the Knight with the Awl did not participate in this delight. Absorbed in profound melancholy, it seemed scarcely a less difficult task to make *him* smile, than the Princess. Yet his conversation was so lively and entertaining, that being naturally addicted to gaiety, I was frequently ready to die with laughter. Not so my companion; while he amused all around him, his own countenance remained perfectly unaltered; he uttered a *bon-mot*, as if he was announcing some misfortune, and whenever he favoured us with an epigram *impromptù*, I always expected to hear a funeral oration.

I could not help remarking to him the inconsistency of his conduct:—"Your business here," said I, "is to make the Princess laugh: instead of which, if she has but one grain of sensibility in her whole composition, the moment that she beholds you, she will

burst into a flood of tears. I doubt not, that the gloomy melancholy, in which you are absorbed, is occasioned by your love for Moussellina, and by your fear of being compelled to resign her perfections to some rival: but however such proofs of your inward attachment may flatter the vanity of that lady's bosom, they are by no means likely to operate upon the muscles of her face."—

—"You are not the first by many," replied my new friend, "who has made the same remark; and I own, I have but little hope of succeeding in the first mentioned adventure. As far as regards myself, I doubt not, that the Princess will look all her life, as if she were an undertaker's apprentice: however, if I cannot make the lady laugh, I hope at least to make the crocodile cry, and that will answer my purpose just as well."—

—"But," said I, interrupting him, "are you not desirous yourself, that Moussellina should get rid of a little of her everlasting gravity? Why, your marriage ceremony will resemble the nuptials of a couple of

screech-owls! Your contract will be dripping wet with the Notary's tears, and the Mufti will not be able to read the service for sobbing!"—

—"You have guest right," rejoined the stranger, "in supposing the cause of my melancholy to be love, but you have mistaken its object. My intention is not to obtain the hand of the Princess in marriage, but to purchase for myself a claim to the king of Astracan's assistance, and for my brother the possession of a woman, whom he loves most ardently. Yet even should my hopes be crowned with success, how shall I then proceed to obtain the object of my dearest wishes? Where shall I seek, what I never yet have found? How shall I find her, whom I never yet have lost? And how, oh! how shall I join my existence to that of a fair-one, who perhaps never had any existence at all?"—

These questions were much too difficult for me to answer; and the stranger having sunk into a profound reverie, I forbore to

interrupt him. We therefore proceeded in silence towards the tent, which was prepared for the reception of all those adventurers, who aspired to the conquest of Moussellina's gravity. The time appointed for this trial (as I was informed by one of the Satraps our conductors, with whom, in order not to remain quite idle, I entered into conversation on dismounting from my horse,) was still at the distance of four days, when also the two months appropriated for Moussellina's absence from Astracan would be completed; after which (should no one have succeeded in the adventure) she would return to her father's as solemn as ever, and leave the crocodile to pursue his riots undisturbed.

The tent to which we were conducted, occupied at least half a square mile; it was separated into a multitude of apartments by pannels of painted chintz inclosed within frames of massy gold. I remarked, that all the figures, which adorned these singular walls, were pourtrayed in the most ludicrous attitudes, and represented in the act of

laughing heartily, doubtless from the hope of inspiring the Princess with an inclination to imitate them. In my own mind, (but I took care to keep my opinion to myself,) I was decided, that his Astracanical majesty had judged ill on this point; for the faces made by these merry figures were so distorted, that it was very unlikely, that his daughter would wish to resemble them: not to mention, that as some of them were represented in the act of standing on their heads, it might possibly not have been thought quite consistent with her royal highness's dignity to appear in a similar situation.

Each of the pretenders to Moussellina's hand (for the Satraps insisted upon reckoning me among these merry rivals,) was conducted to a separate apartment: to my infinite satisfaction I found, that the lodging of my new friend was appointed next to my own. My conductor, having ushered me into my chamber, opened a wardrobe well stored with robes, turbans, and other articles of dress. He then informed me, that as the

grand trial would not take place for some days, I had better not throw away the advantage of novelty; but laying aside for the present the laudable absurdity of my appearance, he advised me to make a choice among the various garments, with which he then presented me. I lost no time in following his advice: and while I exchanged my bed-gown for a magnificent robe of silver tissue, I informed the Satrap, that I by no means aspired to the hand of his mistress; that I would make faces before her with all my heart and soul, and might and main, if my doing so could be of the least use to her, or her illustrious father; and that it was so long since I had met with anything of the kind, that I should think killing the crocodile an extremely good morning's entertainment: but as for the Princess herself, I begged leave to declare with all possible respect, that it was exactly the same thing to me, whom she married, or whom she refused.

—"Upon my word, Prince," interrupted Dinarzade, in a voice equally expressive of

anger and contempt, "you are strangely indifferent about women!"—

—"By no means strangely," answered the Prince with a smile; "nothing can be more natural. Nay, I will even own to you, that there is but one woman in the world, of whom I have a very high opinion, and she is. . . ."—

—"For the love of heaven, who is she?" cried Dinarzade eagerly.

—"A perfect stranger to you," rejoined the Prince, "and I mean, that she should remain so: but more of this hereafter: at present I resume my narrative."—

I was just finishing my dress (and doubtless my companions were employed in the same manner,) when Chrystallina bounced into my room without ceremony. She seemed greatly agitated, and very soon poured forth such a torrent of words, as made the astonished Satrap's ears ring again. She insisted upon her right to be presented to the Princess, and ordered the Satrap to conduct her to the royal tent without delay.

The Lord Chamberlain being sent for to decide the difficult question, "whether as the wife of a Genius she was entitled to an *entré* at court," he immediately decided it against her; assuring her, that no Genius, or any one belonging to a Genius, was permitted to remain in the kingdom of Astracan.

—"For my own part," continued his lordship, "I was fortunately born with a natural antipathy to Geniusses of all kinds. I thank my stars, I never saw more than one in my life; and though he was an extremely dull one, he still contrived to make such a disturbance in the court of Ispahan, that the king swore by the poppy-coloured whiskers of Mahomet's fifth wife, (his most solemn and irrevocable oath,) that in future no Genius should dare to smell roast meat in his dominions. You see, therefore, my dearest madam," added his excellence, shrugging his shoulders in the most fashionable manner, and bowing to the very ground; "you see, that is quite impossible for me to oblige you. I am absolutely in despair at my refusal; but I trust, the rea-

sons, which I have done myself the honor of laying before you, will be found equally strong and satisfactory."—

Chrystallina, dying with curiosity to see this much celebrated Princess, answered the Chamberlain with vehemence so audible, that it soon drew a croud of listeners around her. But in vain did she talk herself hoarse in explaining, that though married to a Genius, she was anything but a Genius herself: the Chamberlain was obstinate, and she could obtain nothing further from him, than an admission "that though she might very possibly be no Genius, she certainly came under the description of a white witch." Having said this, he was on the point of retiring, when his eyes rested on the ebony spinning-wheel, which Chrystallina still carried, and which in the most eloquent parts of her oration, she occasionally menaced to discharge at his excellency's head. No sooner did he perceive this machine, than he started back, and whispered his deputy, who whispered the Mufti, who whispered the Prin-

cess's nurse, who whispered the body-physician, who whispered the Lord Chamberlain again, and then they all whispered together.

It was thus, that I stood with my incensed companion surrounded by a circle of whisperers, who seemed engaged upon something of the most serious nature. Chrystallina was ready to burst with curiosity to know, what they were saying, and begged for an explanation in the most urgent and pathetic terms. After a full quarter of an hour the conference ended; and the Chamberlain advancing towards us, was on the point of addressing the lady, when he fixed his eyes upon me, who for want of something better to do, was amusing myself with turning the handle of *my* spinning-wheel. No sooner did he perceive it than he started back a second time, and whispered his deputy, who whispered the Mufti, who whispered the Princess's nurse, who whispered the body-physician, who whispered the Lord Chamberlain, and then the whispering began all over again.

This second conference lasted much longer than the first; but I need not inform your most sagacious majesty, that one way or other everything must come to an end at last: so was it with this whispering. It ceased; and then advancing to Chrystallina with an air equally polite but much more respectful than before, the Chamberlain informed her, that he was ready to conduct her to the royal tent. Dreading, lest he should change his mind a second time, she took him at his word. In vain did I beg her to consider her singular appearance, and assure her, that since the days of Eve no woman had gone to court in her shift. The Chamberlain was too impatient to conduct her to Moussellina to allow time for changing her dress; and as Chrystallina was just as well pleased to be seen in her shift as in any other way, she soon quitted my apartment, and hastened towards that of the Princess. Thither I followed her, but not till I had been prevailed upon to carry my spinning-wheel along with me.

The night being already far advanced, we found Moussellina's tent illuminated by so great a quantity of torches of rose-coloured wax, that day itself would have been far less brilliant. I could not avoid remarking, that each of these torches issued from the beak of an immense golden cock, richly ornamented with rubies and emeralds; and the Knight of the Awl whispered me, that this bird was held in profound veneration throughout the dominions of Astracan.

The Princess was seated upon a throne of silver, overshadowed by a canopy hewn out of a single emerald. She was attended by twelve antient females, and an equal number of the principal Satraps, and was occupied in receiving the pretenders to her hand. I will not attempt to describe the charms of this adorable personage; suffice it to say, that her eyes effaced the splendour of the torches, which blazed around her; and that when she opened her mouth by accident, her breath was so sweet and balmy, that my head being naturally unable to support perfumes, it was

with the greatest difficulty, that I kept myself from fainting away.

The tent being already crowded by the multitude of her admirers, we, as the last comers were obliged to wait, till the others had been presented. She received them in a very gracious, though somewhat solemn manner, permitting each of them to kiss her alabaster hand; but she spoke to no one. As soon as the king, or prince, or whatever he chose to call himself, (for I suspect, that many of these dignities were entirely of their own creation,) was announced, she signed to her nurse, a venerable woman about sixty, who stood at the foot of the throne. Immediately the old lady put her lips in motion, and as soon as she had pronounced a few civil sentences, her mistress nodded three times, as much as to say—"she has hit it:"—the knight then retired to make room for his neighbour, who went through the same ceremony.

I asked a grave-looking old Satrap (he had the most enviable pair of mustachoes

that ever I set my eyes upon!) whether by chance it had not been her royal highness's pleasure to be born dumb? he assured me very positively of the contrary.

—"For," said he, "though she has never been heard to utter a syllable, she cannot possibly be dumb, as she perfectly understands every thing that is said to her."—

This argument was so irresistible, that I had not a word more to say upon the subject. I afterwards inquired, who was this able Logician? I was told, that he was the president of the royal Astracanical society; I could not but acknowledge, that he was well entitled to fill such a place, by his whiskers.

Near four hundred knights had already been presented; and now Chrystallina impatiently requested the Lord Chamberlain to perform his promise. He hesitated not to obey her, and giving her his little finger with the most graceful air imaginable, he prepared lead her towards the throne; when the

Centinels, who guarded the entrance of the pavillion, rushed into it suddenly with looks equally expressing apprehension and surprise, and exclaimed, that the sky exhibited a sight the most extraordinary. It was indeed that very sight, which I have already had the honour of announcing to your majesty.

This information was more than sufficient to rouze Chrystallina's curiosity. Without considering the impropriety of her behaviour, she darted out of the tent, and in her hurry overset the unlucky Lord Chamberlain. Shocked at her rudeness in quitting this noble assembly so abruptly, I ran after her to bring her back, and (as he lay directly in my way) made bold to tread upon the Lord Chamberlain in passing. The knights, the Satraps, the guards, the old women, and at last the Princess herself all followed my example, and never since the days of the deluge was a man of the Lord Chamberlain's rank so be-kicked and be-trampled.

The Princess was the last person to quit the tent. However as soon as she reached

the door, the crowd respectfully opened, and she passed through the midst of us with as much speed, as her gravity would admit of her using; that is to say, upon a moderate jog-trot. Her attendants, one and all assured me, that she had never been seen to move along so nimbly before. For my own part, I could not help observing something constrained and ungraceful in her manner of moving; but I suppose this was occasioned by her being without a shift, and certainly cloth of silver next to the skin must needs feel extremely uncomfortable.—But to proceed.

And now with one consent, every eye was fixed upon the Heavens. What was our astonishment at beholding an immense ball of fire, which every now and then burst into a multitude of little stars, and then as suddenly collected itself again into one blazing mass. We made various conjectures respecting this phenomenon; they were all extremely ingenious; unluckily, none of them were right. However, as the flaming ball

seemed descending towards us, we at length agreed unanimously, that the most likely means of ascertaining what it could possibly be, would be to wait till we could distinguish what it really was. This was the suggestion of the whisker'd philosopher; it met with universal approbation, and I could perceive, that he was himself not a little proud of having struck out so luminous an idea.

Though extremely curious to know the cause of this singular appearance, my attention was not so much engrossed as to prevent my observing, that one of Mousselina's women was considerably agitated at the approach of this flaming ball. She endeavoured, indeed, to conceal her emotions as well as she could, though it was considerably increased upon her finding, that my eye was fixed upon her. The cause of her alarm had by this time arrived so near us, that we could distinguish the particles of which it was composed. But if we felt surprize at its first appearance, how

was that surprize augmented, when we found the light to proceed from the mouths and eyes of an innumerable number of flying tygers, who appeared to act as guards and lanthorn-bearers to personages still more extraordinary than themselves.

Imagine, most illustrious Sultan, a cock considerably larger than a full-grown turkey, his eyes sparkling with a brilliance far exceeding that of the finest carbuncles, his body adorned with a thousand beautiful colours, and his neck encircled with a chain of enormous emeralds; seated upon this uncommon courser, and guiding him by the chain which served as a bridle, we beheld a gigantic monkey, who held a bow of polished steel in one hand, while with the other he governed his chanticleer with more grace, than could have been expected from the very best-bred baboon in the universe. On his back hung a golden quiver adorned with precious stones; and upon a crimson velvet pillion behind him sat a little old woman so hideous, that we all ex-

claimed with one voice that the monkey was by much the handsomest animal of the two. It was with the utmost difficulty that she kept her seat, so long was her body and so short were her legs. Her nose was so little and snubby, that it was not to be seen without a magnifying glass; but to make up for this deficiency, her chin was so immoderately long, that it curled over her mouth and rested its point between her eye-brows. She squinted so horribly that the earth had full possession of one of her eyes, while the other was the property of the heavens. Her ears were of such a length, that to keep them from flapping about, she had been obliged to tuck them into her girdle; however she had taken care to deck them out with a very smart pair of ear-rings; and her hair, which was of a flaming red, was frizzled up as high as a tower, and plaistered all over with flour and hog's-lard. To set off this charming face and figure to the best advantage, she had a little scarlet turban ornamented with a profusion of feathers of all

possible colours, and stuck upon one side of her head coquettishly; while her person was envelopped in a travelling dress of deep yellow velvet, trimmed with a broad gold lace, and flounced and furbelowed with cat's skin. When I add, that her breath was so strong, that we needed all the perfume of Mousselina's to overpower it, your highness may form some idea of the charms, which ornamented this masterpiece of nature and art.

These extraordinary personages continued to descend, and as they approached, inspired us with very justifiable apprehensions; a flight of fiery tygers being by no means the most agreeable visitors. The event proved, that our alarms were without cause. When they arrived within a few yards of us, the escort remained motionless in the air, while the cock lighted on the ground not far from Mousselina: the monkey sprang nimbly out of the saddle, and taking the old woman in his arms, placed her upon her feet with the greatest care and delicacy. She seemed greatly fatigued with her journey; but as

soon as she recovered her breath, she advanced towards the heiress of Astracan, and addressed her as follows.

—" Illustrious Princess, you behold an ambassadress from the great Caramoussal: he requests you through me, not only to receive with kindness, but to treat with profound respect, this paragon of all earthly monkies. Here only can he expect the cure of that melancholy, under which he now labours, and here has Caramoussal engaged, that he shall obtain it. Farewell, lovely lady! may the chin increase, may the foot be diminished; may the spinning-wheels turn, may the rope be woven; and oh! may your beauty never subject you to the same misfortune, which my unlucky charms have entailed upon your most obedient and very humble servant."—

As she said these last words, she burst into tears, and while she sobbed most piteously, she made such abominable wry faces, that all the beholders were ready to expire with laughing; it was then, that the Princess re-

joiced in her immoveable gravity: she alone kept her countenance, and endeavoured to apologize by signs for the ill-breeding of her company. The nurse explained this to the old woman in very polite terms; adding, that Moussellina requested her to repose herself in the royal tent after her journey; when she hoped, that she would relate her adventures, as she was extremely anxious to know the birth, parentage, and education of so extraordinary a person as she appeared to be, and also to hear some account of the great Caramoussal who made presents of monkies to princesses. The stranger accepted the proposal, and the whole company returned to the tent; but the old woman would not begin her narrative, till she had thrown herself upon her knees before the monkey, and demanded his permission. The animal (who really seemed to be the best tempered and best-bred of the monkey-kind) gave his assent in a very gracious manner; then throwing himself upon the embroidered

carpet, he seemed to be absorbed in profound melancholy.

In the mean while, the old woman, having past a few minutes in silent reflection, (a precaution highly necessary in relating so long a history,) began her narrative in the following words.

History of the Matron of Mount Atlas.

—" Your royal highness," said she, addressing herself to Moussellina, " is probably not aware that our families are nearly connected. The queen, who had the honour to die in giving you birth, was no other than....."—

The old woman had proceeded no further in her tale, when her eyes rested upon me. She stopped, and suddenly starting from her seat, she hobbled towards me.

—" Sir Knight," said she, " what is your name ?"—

—" It is Facardin," I replied.

This singular name appeared to excite surprize in every body, except in the enquirer, and in the tall Knight with the fish kettle upon his head; to whom the old lady now made the same demand respecting *his* name.

—" My name ?" answered he with an air of perfect indifference, yawning at the same time; " it is Facardin."—The general wonder redoubled.

—" And yours ?" resumed the old woman after a moment's pause, addressing herself to the Knight of the Awl.

—" It is," replied he with a low bow, " it is Facardin."—

" —Facardin !" screamed out the old woman (in a voice so shrill, that it almost cracked the drum of my ears; at the same time giving three skips in the air with such activity, as was truly surprizing in a person of her age and figure,) " Facardin ? Facar-

din?—One Facardin—two Facardins—three Facardins—One Facardin more, and one Facardin less; then all for a time will be wrong, and all will at last be quite right."—

Having said this, she darted out of the pavillion, sprang nimbly upon the cock, and giving him a slight kick, he rose into the air, and instantly disappeared, old woman, flying tygers, and all. It may not, however, be improper to remark, that the foot with which she kicked her chanticleer, was the smallest and most elegantly formed, that I ever remember to have beheld.

Great was the general disappointment at the Matron's abrupt departure. We trusted however, that the monkey would supply her place, and continue the relation of those adventures, in which his companion had made so little progress: but here our hopes were again frustrated. In vain did we promise him pig-nuts and bilberries; in vain did we threaten him with whips and chains. To our utter surprize, the monkey seemed not to understand us. We thought that he

might probably be a foreigner, and tried by turns every language in use throughout the habitable globe; but with no better success. Say what we would, not one syllable would the monkey answer! at length we were obliged to agree with the opinion of the whiskered philosopher; who in a speech of three hours, replete with the most sublime eloquence, most learned disquisitions, and arguments the most logical and irresistible, proved to us very clearly,—" that whatever sceptics might advance to the contrary, the monkey was actually. . . . . a monkey."—

The Princess, however, was still persuading the animal not to be as provokingly silent as herself, when Chrystallina, (impatient to have her presentation over) was led forward by the Deputy Chamberlain; for as to the Chamberlain himself, he was too much bruised to appear again that night. Instead of attending to Chrystallina's compliment, I was not a little surprized to see the Princess suddenly seize her by the corner of the shift and examine the mark of it with great ea-

gerness and attention. She then shook her head, and with a deep sigh let the linen drop again. After this strange behaviour, she seemed to recollect its impropriety, for she blushed deeply, and was signing to her nurse to make an apology, when she discovered the spinning-wheel, which Chrystallina, during the ceremony of presentation, had deposited upon the carpet."—

—" That is mine!" cried the Princess, seizing it eagerly, " and have it I will, that's positive!"—

The joy of the whole court at hearing her speak for the first time was only equalled by the rage of my fair companion: but without minding her reproaches, the Princess began to spin with all her might and main, when she stopped her work for an instant, in order to address herself to me.

—" Spin!" said the Princess; for though she had thus unexpectedly gained the power of speech, she was not yet able to use it fluently. " Spin!"—

In vain did I protest, that I never had

spun a thread in my life. Moussellina would be obeyed; and the whole court repeating in full chorus—"spin!"—I even set myself to work with the best grace that I could. But scarcely had I turned the handle twice, when a third wheel was seen at the top of the tent, and a pair of beautiful white arms passing themselves through two holes in the chintz hangings began to turn the machine with incredible swiftness and dexterity.

While the general attention seemed engrossed by this phœnomenon, mine was employed upon a different object. Enraged at her having been thus plundered by the Princess, Chrystallina had retired in dudgeon to a distant corner of the pavillion, and was busily engaged in conversation with that identical antient lady, who had exprest so much emotion at the sight of the flaming ball: but their discourse did not long continue undisturbed. The monkey had raised himself from the floor quietly: he advanced with caution towards the talk-

ers, and having crept behind them unobserved, he suddenly sprang upon the old lady's back, and fastened his teeth in her left ear. The duenna screamed, cried, kicked, and struggled: but in spite of her efforts and those of the spectators, the animal maintained his hold, nor quitted it, till he had fairly dissevered the ear from its adjoining parts. No sooner was her head deprived of this natural ornament, than her form dissolved into a cloud of smoke, but soon collected itself again into the figure of an enormous giant, who rose with angry looks into the air; the roof of the tent opened, and the Colossus disappeared. At the same moment the beautiful hands vanished; Chrystallina fled shrieking from the tent; and the monkey slipping off his skin with as much ease as if it had been a great coat, there was seen in his place a man about five and forty, of a most noble presence, and whose features (except his mouth) were truly prepossessing.

But oh! that mouth! Mahomet, what a mouth! Your majesty may possibly think,

that a feature so out of all proportion was likely to excite merriment in the spectators; but no! terror was the effect produced upon all present by this miraculous mouth; and when he opened it to address the Princess, so terrible an abyss was presented, that the poor little soul involuntarily jumped back, and we had some difficulty in convincing her that she had not been swallowed up alive! In truth, had the stranger felt any wish for such a mouthful, I am certain, that he could have bolted her royal highness without any difficulty; for I would have betted ten to one, that his mouth could take in a full grown ox, horns and all, without troubling itself to make more than a moderate stretch. But I must beg leave to observe that I do not mean an ox bred in Lincolnshire, which kingdom (as I have read) produces that animal uncommonly large, but merely such ordinary sized oxen as are usually found in your Majesty's dominions. I thought it right to mention this,

as I by no means approve the fashion of those rhodomontading travellers, who exagerate matters in order to excite wonder, when in fact nothing can be more ordinary and natural.

—" You are quite right," observed the Sultan, " and I much admire so scrupulous an attention to veracity. But pray, go on with your history; for as you have told us what could go into the stranger's mouth, I am quite impatient to know, what could come out of it."—

—You will naturally suppose, (proceeded Facardin,) that from so capacious a mouth we expected a tremendous voice, and words every one of them composed of at least ten syllables. However, it soon appeared that the stranger's voice was like any other voice, and that he had not the slightest objection to—" ifs,—ands,—ofs—or also's."—As soon as Moussellina had recovered from her fright, he announced himself to her as Fortimbrass, King of Denmark, brother-in-law to the merry Queen

of Astracan, and consequently uncle to the mournful Princess. She gave him a very affectionate welcome, and permitted him to salute her roseate cheek; but it was observed by all, that when his monstrous mouth approached her, the poor little Princess shook like an aspin leaf.

We were all impatient to hear the adventures of this monkey-monarch, which, we doubted not, would include those of the frighful old woman. Fortimbrass begged us to suspend our curiosity till the next day, as he was greatly fatigued, having galloped all the way from Mount Atlas (upwards of seven thousand leagues) in two hours and a quarter. We could not deny the plausibility of this excuse, and we soon after separated for the night; Fortimbrass rejoicing that he had got rid of his claws and tail; the courtiers, that the Princess had been induced to speak; and Moussellina, that she had not only recovered her own spinning-wheel, but through my means possessed another besides it! Of both of these

wheels she requested me to take charge, adding, that the next day we would resume our work. The whole company then retired in perfect good-humour, except the nurse, who was somewhat chagrined at the reflection, that in future she was only to talk for herself. It is true that because her mistress had recovered her voice, it did not follow, that the nurse had lost hers: but the old lady knew well, that being old and ugly she might talk to all eternity without a soul listening to her, and that, she thought, was almost as bad as not talking at all.

Facardin of the Grotto (for such was the title of my new friend) followed me to my apartment. Here he introduced me to his brother, who was no other than the Knight with the fish-kettle for a helmet. He was certainly much handsomer than his brother, and his person was truly noble and majestic: but the countenance of my acquaintance was so amiable, and bore so strong an expression of mingled sense and sweetness, that I hesitated not for a moment

to give him the preference. As soon as the first compliments were over, I begged Facardin of the Grotto to gratify my curiosity by relating the cause of his bearing the same name with myself. With this request he complied in the following terms.

History of FACARDIN of the Grotto.

It is impossible for me to tell you where and in what manner I was born; since, though it was a ceremony in which I sustained a very principal part, the circumstances have as completely slipped my memory, as if they had never happened! neither can I tell you, who were my parents, as, in spite of all my pains in looking for them, I have been able to meet with no relations, except my brother, whose ignorance on this subject equals my own. The earliest period which I can recollect, found me the inhabi-

tant of a subterraneous grotto, under the care of an old hermit, whom I called father, but who, I have more reasons than one for believing, had no right to that appellation.

This singular person was by birth a Chinese, and his name had formerly been the Mandarin Fi-Fum-Foam-Fim. He possessed extraordinary abilities, and not only gave me daily proofs of his being a prodigy of wisdom, but was even at the trouble of assuring me of the fact himself. Unluckily, the extravagant kindness, which nature had shown in forming his intellectual parts, was fully counterbalanced by her stinting him in his externals. The poor Mandarin was born with but one eye, one ear, one nostril, one arm, and one leg: the latter was placed in the centre of his body, which turned round upon it as if upon a pivot; and to such perfection was he arrived in the management of it by dint of practice, that he could hop upon his one leg nearly as fast, as any other person could run upon two.

It was long, before his parents could pitch

upon a proper wife for him; till at length a female appeared at the court of Pekin, who seemed formed by nature for the express purpose of supplying all the deficiencies of the young Fi-Fum-Foam-Fim. She called herself the lady Fim-Foam-Fum-Fi; and as he was entirely made up of unities, she on the other hand was composed of nothing but quinquities; for she had five arms, five legs, five ears, five eyes, and five nostrils to each of her five noses. As with such a person she was not pestered with too many admirers, she readily accepted the addresses of the young Mandarin: but alas! it soon appeared, that her name was not more the reverse of his, than the temper of Fi-Foam-Fum-Fim was opposite to that of Fim-Foam-Fum-Fi! he was gentle, and she was passionate; he was wise, and she was silly: he employed his single hand in no offices but kind ones; while she was persuaded, that nature had given her three additional legs and arms for no earthly purpose than the better to

enable her to thump and kick her husband. At length, however, one fine sunshiny morning, the Mandarina took it into her head to die, and the Mandarin took it into his to bury her. It was shortly after this event, that a revolution in China obliged him to leave that country, and one of his friends having entrusted me to his care, he took refuge with me in the island of Serendip.

His acquaintance with the Mandarina Fim-Foam-Fum-Fi of lamented memory had made him an inveterate woman-hater, and he endeavoured to communicate his aversion to me. His labour was thrown away; I sighed ardently to behold one of these terrible wild beasts (for such he had taught me to fancy them) neither could all his arguments erase this wish from my mind, any more than a singular accident, which occurred to me when scarce sixteen.

I was sitting in the grotto one evening, and endeavouring to persuade my governor to let me have at least one peep at these monsters, when suddenly a large black cloud des-

cended into the cave. In a few minutes it dispersed, and I beheld a stranger of noble and commanding presence, who held in one hand a golden wand, and permitted the other to serve as a perch for the largest and most beautiful cock, that I ever beheld: it struck me this evening, that it was the very same bird, which brought hither the King of Denmark; but of that I cannot be positive. No sooner did the hermit perceive the cock, than he sank upon his one knee: the bird extended its right wing towards him, and he kissed it with every mark of affection and respect. The stranger then conversed with the Mandarin in some language unknown to me; but their eyes sufficiently testified, that I was the subject of their discourse. It lasted about an hour, after which the stranger prepared to depart; but first he addrest me in these remarkable words:

—"Youth, be in all things submissive to your venerable protector, but in nothing more than in abstaining from the sight of women. Know, that as I lately consulted

the stars respecting you, I read in them this threatening prediction.—"The first object which he loves, he shall love for ever! the first object which he loves, shall for ever prove cold and insensible; and even though that object should be in his possession, he never shall be united to the first object which he loves!"—Remember this, be prudent, and be happy.—Farewell!"

As he uttered these last words, a shower of tears fell from the eyes of the beautiful cock: at the same moment, a cloud wrapped itself round them, and they quitted the grotto in the same manner, as they had entered it. This incident for a time made an impression upon me; but reflecting that there was little danger of my feeling any sentiment like love for a wild beast, I resolved to gratify my curiosity, and see a woman, let the danger be what it might. Accordingly I escaped from the Mandarin Fi-Fum-Foam-Fim, and after a fruitless search of some days I stumbled upon the fair Chrystallina, whose curiosity was not a jot less

urgent than my own. What passed till we parted, as well as the adventure which separated us, you probably have heard from that lady: it would therefore be unnecessary to relate it now."—

Here Schahriar interrupted the Prince of Trebizonde and requested him to repeat those adventures; as he had so happy a knack at forgetting what was told him, that they would seem to him exactly as if he had never heard them before; a talent upon which he seemed to value himself prodigiously. However, Dinarzade begging with tears in her eyes, that the Prince might be suffered to get to the end of his long-winded history (if indeed such a thing was possible, which she began to doubt,) the Sultan was prevailed upon to suffer him to proceed. He did so, as follows.

—"Facardin of the Grotto continued thus——"I had for some time flattered myself, that the oracle respecting my future fate had been completely mistaken: it was at least certain that Chrystallina had been

any thing but cold and insensible. But now that we were parted, I discovered, that the sentiment with which that curious damsel had inspired me, had nothing to do with *love*. So far was I from being grieved at her departure, that I rather rejoiced at no longer having a woman continually at my elbow, with whom I had found full leisure to be satiated. The gust of wind which divided us so obligingly, bore me swiftly through the air. It deposited me unhurt at the foot of a mountain, whose base was bathed by a rapid river. It was night; the moon was at its full, and its beams enabled me to discover a small island at no great distance.

I was in doubt what course to pursue. The island seemed uninhabited, and the mountain did not wear an aspect much more promising. While I hesitated, I observed something moving on the shore of the island. I strove to distinguish its figure, but in vain. After a few moments it plunged into the water, and seemed to

be hastening towards the mountain. Not to be deficient in good-breeding, I advanced to receive the new-comer; but my politeness instantly vanished on perceiving, that it was nothing else than an old lion, whose bulk and looks were truly tremendous. My doubts were now removed; I immediately took to my heels, and began to climb the mountain with all possible expedition.

As the lion did not pursue me, I soon slackened my pace. It now for the first time entered my head, that this exploit of mine was by no means to my credit, and that to begin my career by running away was but a sorry presage for my future fame. I therefore determined to return and face the lion; and drawing a sabre with which I had provided myself on quitting the grotto, I measured back my steps. I confess, that as I drew nearer to the lion's neighbourhood, I felt my eagerness to engage decrease very fast; and at length I could not resist peeping over a piece of rock, in order to observe his motions, before I attacked him. He was

stretched at his full length just below me, reclining his head upon his left hand. He sighed frequently, and at intervals wiped his eyes with his tail, which served him for a pocket handkerchief. He was in such evident distress, that I thought it quite cruel to disturb him, and resolved rather to deprive myself of the honor of cutting off his head, than intrude upon his sorrows by giving him an opportunity of biting off mine.

While we were in this position, my attention was attracted by a light, which glimmered upon the top of the mountain. At first, I thought, that it was a paper kite with a lanthorn tied to its tail; but on its descent I discovered the light to proceed from a fiery car drawn by two flying tygers. In this sat a man splendidly habited, and I recognized with surprize the stranger, who had told my fortune in the Mandarin's grotto. He was accompanied by a lady, the elegance of whose form gave me great curiosity to see the face belonging to it; but this was impossible, in consequence of her head-dress,

which was the most extraordinary ever worn by woman. It was no other than the enormous cock, which I had seen in the grotto, and which placing a claw upon each of her shoulders, over-shadowed her face with his wings, while his tail streaming down her back, formed a lappet very tasty and ornamental.

As soon as the car touched the earth, the Enchanter aided his companion to alight. Instead of expressing terror at the sight of the lion, she hastened towards him; while he upon hearing her steps reared himself upon his hind-legs, and (as I imagined) prepared to spring upon her. I already gave her up for lost; but to my great surprize, I found, that if he devoured her at all, it was likely to be with kisses. The nymph repaid his caresses with interest; though she was evidently so much affected, that she was ready to faint. The lion, however, who seemed to have all his wits about him, made haste to feel in his left ear for a smelling-bottle, with whose contents he proceeded to

bathe her nose and temples. When I saw him prepare for this charitable office, I felt no little concern for the poor lady, as I thought him by no means calculated for the employment, and doubted not, that his claws would flay her nose completely. I was, therefore, much pleased to find, that the considerate beast was aware of this danger; for he poured a little of the lavender water upon the tip of his bushy tail, and then chafed her nostrils with the greatest success and dexterity.

The nymph being recovered, the lion now paid his compliments to the Enchanter, and afterwards shook the cock by the right wing in the most hearty and affectionate manner. The whole party then sat down on the banks of the river, where the Magician seemed to endeavour to console the other three; but to judge by the tears that were shed, his eloquence was not very persuasive. In about an hour the party broke up: the members of it took a most affecting leave of each other; after which, the lion,

throwing himself into the water, returned to his island, while the Enchanter and the nymph (still wearing her singular head-dress) returned to their car: it rose into the air, and disappeared on reaching the summit of the mountain.

Supposing, that this same mountain must serve as a retreat for the Enchanter, I resolved to ascend it, and endeavour to find him out. He had formerly appeared to take an interest in my fate, and I thought it possible, that he might give me some intelligence respecting my parents; a subject on which the Mandarin had always preserved an inviolable silence, and which I was extremely anxious to get cleared up. I fancied, that I should feel aukward upon entering the world, if on being interrogated respecting my family, I should find myself obliged to answer—"Upon my honour, Sir, I know no more about it than yourself."—Accordingly, I set off in pursuit of the Enchanter, and at length reached the mountain's summit; though not without being twenty

times on the point of breaking my neck by the way.

I now found myself at the entrance of a spacious grotto, adorned with statues, shells, and a variety of other ornaments, rustic, it's true, but disposed with infinite taste. In the middle hung a bird-cage composed of jet and ivory, and in one corner stood the enormous cock, employed in turning with great gravity the handle of an ebony spinning-wheel. I thought this occupation extremely unprofitable, for the foolish bird (who probably had been ill taught) had neglected to put any flax upon the distaff.

As the grotto had another outlet, I was proceeding to try my fortune further, when I heard the voices of persons approaching. I drew back, and soon after saw the Enchanter enter, leading the same lady, who had exprest so singular an attachment to the lion. They were accompanied by a stranger, whose person I need not describe to you, as he was no other than the Giant, the loss of whose ear disenchanted Fortim-

brass this evening, and who (by the bye) is also Chrystallina's husband. In one hand he held an enormous club, and the other sustained a gilded tobacco-pipe, from which he occasionally puffed clouds of smoke in the face of the Enchanter. No one seemed to be aware of my presence. The Giant threw himself upon a couch of turf, and listened with an indifferent air to the supplications of his companions.

—"Be not thus contemptuous," I heard the Enchanter say, on entering; "you have the advantage at present, but fortune will one day change. The same arts, which have made you possessor of the two spinning-wheels, may again deprive you of them; nor can you put them to any use without the third, which I never will trust out of my own custody. Listen then to my proposals. Restore my brothers to their original forms; suffer me to re-assemble the limbs of the Queen of Denmark; and forbear to insist upon the dreadful conditions attached to the possession of Sapinella. On my part, I as-

sure you, though I cannot consent to becoming your subject, that I will never attempt to become your master; the two spinning-wheels shall remain yours for ever, and I promise you from this moment eternal peace and amity."—

—"Promise me a fiddlestick!" interrupted the Giant, taking the pipe out of his mouth; "will yonder stubborn little Princess promise to marry me, if I put matters to rights again? That is the only promise, which will have any effect, I can assure you."—

—"I marry you?" exclaimed the damsel: "Inhuman monster, what claim can you advance to my affections? Have you not cut my unfortunate mother into a thousand pieces? Have not your spells compelled my royal father to walk upon all fours? Besides, if you had not the worst memory of any Genius upon earth, you would recollect, that the stars have decreed, that I shall marry nobody, unless I marry Facardin, Prince of Ophir."—

—" A fig for the stars!" cried the Giant; " they don't know what they talk about; for it was but last night, that I read in them these identical words, written in a very neat running hand—' Sapinella of Rutland shall never marry Facardin, Prince of Ophir.' "—

—" I shall certainly go distracted!" exclaimed Sapinella, wringing her hands; " I am to marry nobody, if not the Prince of Ophir, and yet it seems, the Prince of Ophir is never to marry me: the meaning of all which is, that I am never to marry at all! Surely, the devil is in the stars, and I wish they were all at the bottom of the sea, for they are the plague of my existence!"—

Here she began to weep, as if she meant to set the room afloat. However, her tears could not melt the Giant's hard heart, who rose to take his departure.

—" On no other conditions," said he, " will I reverse my spells; and if you can reverse them yourself, you are cleverer than I take you to be. Farewell, Princess; the Prince of Ophir will be here shortly; I

cannot prevent your seeing him, but I will prevent your liking him, while with you; as to *his* liking *you*, that your own rashness has already prevented. Aye! aye!" continued he, addressing himself to the cock; "Turn away, old gentleman! If you had done that sooner, you would have done wisely. As it is, your labour is thrown away, and you are likely to crow for sixteen years longer."—

The cock only replied by a look of indignation, and by turning his tail upon him with an air, for a cock remarkably majestic. In the mean while, the form of the Giant disolving into a cloud of smoke soon made its exit from the grotto.

In this conversation, nothing struck me more than the name of the Prince of Ophir; it was the same with my own, and I began to suspect, that the family-name of the royal family of Ophir must needs be Facardin. To ascertain this point, I now advanced from my concealment, and having made one of

my best dancing bows, I addrest the Enchanter nearly as follows.

—"Permit me, Doctor," said I, (for as he was a Conjuror, I thought, that he must certainly have taken an University degree,) "permit me, Doctor, to make myself known to you, and ask you a few questions. Idle as you may think my curiosity, I confess, I cannot help wishing to know the name of my parents, and to what place I went to be born. Satisfy me on this head, and you shall be handsomely rewarded for your trouble."—

With these words, I showed him the palm of my hand, and prepared to cross his with a piece of money. The Enchanter, who was by no means a common fortune-teller, rejected both; but before he could reply, the cock hopped up to him with much dignity, and crowed thrice in tones so expressive, that I was convinced of their meaning more, than cocks do in ordinary.

—"Alas! my dear Tarif-Eldin," said the Magician, as if replying to some question

which the cock had asked; "I fear, that your hopes are too sanguine. In spite of his name, this young man seems calculated neither by his age nor his natural strength for so violent an exertion. However, as the bow is luckily in my possession, if you insist upon it, the trial shall be made; but remember, that from the moment you enter your prison, its door must be closed no more to open, till the Facardin arrives destined to free you from your feathers, restore Sapinella's original form, dispell Moussellina's gravity, and devour that fatal toe, in which consists the whole power of our enemy."—

Upon hearing this, the cock for a few moments appeared to hesitate, and he hung his head mournfully: but his spirits soon revived. He spread his tail, clapped his wings, and then turning to the Enchanter, exclaimed in a tone the most resolute, and with an air the most intrepid—"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"—He then hopped into the bird cage with great alacrity, the door of

which closed upon him with a thundering noise.

The Enchanter now opening a case of sandal-wood, and drawing forth a bow of polished steel, requested me to bend it. I hesitated not to obey, but in vain did I first try it one way, and then another. My attitudes, it must be allowed, were uncommonly graceful, but the bow remained unbent; and at length the skin being rubbed off both my hands, (which naturally are rather of a delicate texture,) I was obliged to relinquish the instrument in despair.

—"I thought so!" said the Enchanter, shaking his head mournfully; "It is well, that I have three strings to *my* bow! As for this, be it your charge, Sapinella, and remember, that he who bends it, will thereby prove himself the person destined to reverse the ill fortunes of your family. I am now compelled to leave you; henceforth, I am not permitted to visit you, neither is it in my power to prevent the Genius Feridoun from occasionally tormenting you with his

presence: but let it be some consolation to know, that whenever he sets his foot upon this mountain, he becomes your slave, not your master, and that my spells will force him to forbear repeating his addresses, or attempting to possess your person by force. Take courage then, my dear niece; however disagreeable the form which your rash vow compels you to assume, remember, that you will one day regain your own, will be married to the Prince of Ophir, have a great many children, and live very happy ever after."—

—"Alas!" replied the lady, "you forget, most wise Caramoussal, that the provoking stars have decreed, that I never am to marry the Prince of Ophir! But what surprizes me most is, that since you are a Conjuror, and practice the black art, you did not foresee and prevent all this mischief."—

—"Sapinella!" replied Caramoussal, with a look of profound wisdom, "though I am an Enchanter, I would have you to know, that I never was taken for a Conjuror before!

neither can the power of magic possibly reverse the decrees of fate, for decrees are decrees, and fate is fate! Be content to know, that no exertions on my part shall be wanting to alleviate your sorrows; nor do I quite despair of finding at length a Prince vigorous enough to bend this bow, a mouth as large as your father's, a cock that can fly as high as the emperor, and a rope spun by the hands of three Princesses the most beautiful in the world, long enough to reach from the summit of Mount Atlas to the surface of the sea, and strong enough to bind our inveterate enemy in fetters never to be broken. As for you, young man," continued he, addressing himself to me, "I must not at present satisfy your curiosity respecting your parents; suffice it to know, that you have a brother, who will shortly fall into the power of Feridoun, that Giant whom you have just now seen. Be it your care to deliver him from thence, and in order that you may know him when you meet, behold his figure!"—

Here the Enchanter waved his wand. I immediately beheld on the opposite side of the grotto a young man seated on a rose-coloured sopha, and picking his teeth in a careless attitude: the vision lasted but a moment; yet in that short period he found time to yawn thrice, an habit of which (as you probably have already observed) love itself has not been able to cure him. The figure having disappeared, Caramoussal thus continued his discourse.

—"Your brother is called Facardin as well as yourself; a name, which important reasons have induced me to bestow on various children, in whose fate I feel interested. Feridoun's abode is not easily discovered; but as it is necessary that you should reach it for the purpose of rescuing your brother, I now present you with this phœnix of all coursers, who not only surpasses the winds themselves in fleetness, but will, unbidden, conduct you to those places, where it is most your interest to be."—

I heard the latter part of his speech with

some surprize. In vain did I look round and round; no courser was to be seen, and yet did Caramoussal continue to enhance the value of his present; assuring me, that the animal was sound wind and limb, perfectly free from vice, and altogether as clever a little tit, as ever was crossed by a gentleman. And still no horse appeared! At length I began to suspect, that my friend the Enchanter was not quite himself, and that he had been endeavouring to settle matters with the Genius over a bottle. This suspicion was confirmed, when conducting me to a corner of the grotto, he pointed to a three-legged stool, and desired me to mount immediately. He then forcibly obliged me to seat myself upon the stool, and thus proceeded.

—"Excellent!" said he, with an air of satisfaction; "really, considering that you never were on horse-back before, you make a tolerable appearance, and seem to have a very good seat. Now then, nothing is wanting to complete your travelling equipage,

except this two-stringed guittar. Take it, and observe, that whenever you strike the silver chord, all who are within hearing will be compelled to dance; and when you strike the golden one, whatever actions are going on at that moment will be continued by the performers during a full hour: on yourself alone the charm will have no effect. Now then proceed in search of your brother; and should you meet by the way with any stray legs, arms, heads, or bodies, have the goodness to put them into the green velvet bag, which is suspended under your horse. Remember also, that whenever you wish him to set forwards, you must say—'Chick-ali-allah-mamoud-bizzil-khan;'—and that you never must dismount him without first whistling thrice, and rubbing the tip of your nose as often against the bridge of your guittar."—

—"My dear Doctor," said I, "you must certainly be dreaming! What in the name of heaven can you mean by stray legs and arms? and as to making this three-legged

stool move by merely pronouncing—"Chick-ali-allah-mamoud-bizzil-khan,"—the thing is absolutely impossible."—

The words were scarcely out of my mouth, when the stool set off with me, as hard as it could lay its three legs to the ground! It galloped up hill and down dale like a mad thing, leaped over five-barred gates with the greatest agility, and upon reaching the banks of a river, without hesitation it dashed into the water, and soon landed me on the opposite shore. Immediately my wooden courser resumed his speed, and away we went again, as if we had been galloping for a wager. As we past through a village, the people ran out to wonder at us; the men and women hooted us, and the little boys pelted us with mud, stones, rotten eggs, and dead cats; but all this only served to make my nag go the faster. I cried out to them to stop him, for that I was run away with. Some of them endeavoured to obey me; but whenever they approached the stool to lay hold of it, one of its legs kicked

up, and dealt about broken heads and bloody noses with such generosity, that the attempt was soon abandoned. The machine continued to proceed, nor stopped, till we reached the gate of an antient castle.

Notwithstanding the rapidity of my progress, I was not in the least fatigued; it's true, my horse was nothing more than a joint-stool, but it was as easy as if it had been an arm-chair! I was occupied in examining the castle's exterior, when the portal grated upon its rusty hinges, and two servants, almost bent double with age, advanced with an entreaty, that I would enter, and accept of some refreshment. With this request I readily complied; but nothing could induce me to quit my seat, till I had whistled thrice, and given my nose three gentle rubs against the bridge of my guittar. After this important ceremony I entered the castle; nor was I a little pleased, nor my companions a little surprized, at observing that the stool came trotting after me, and never suffered me to go out of its sight. This induced me

to hope, that the machine was growing attached to me; and desirous of encouraging this predilection, I failed not occasionally to pat it upon the back, and seize every means of showing, that I was satisfied with its services.

My guides crawled on so slowly, that I had full leisure to observe the apartments through which we past. They were magnificently furnished, but all in an antiquated taste; old tapestry, old books, old pictures, old chairs; every thing was old and seemed of a piece with my conductors. They ushered me into a small octagon chamber, and I now begged to know their master's name.

—"We have no master," was the reply; "this castle belongs to a Princess, to whom you will be introduced as soon as you are old enough."—

I thought this a very strange condition, and begged to know, at what age her highness would think me presentable. I was answered, that natives of that country did not presume to appear at court till they were

turned of sixty; but that in consideration of my being a stranger, ten full years would be abated. I hastened to assure the domestics, that anxious as I was to be acquainted with their mistress, still I could not possibly wait thirty years for that honour: that I was obliged to proceed on my journey immediately; but that I should take care to return and pay my respects to her highness, as soon as I should be decently decrepit.

—"You mistake me," interrupted one of the old men; "as a stranger, it will be sufficient for you to *look* old; and provided you do but wear the appearance of age, your possessing the vigour of youth is a defect, which you will find the Princess very ready to forgive in you. You are to know, that she once was a mistress of the Genius Feridoun; but being grown old and consequently neglected, she retired from the world in disgust, and now keeps her court in this antient castle. In order to preserve her eyes from being offended by the sight of that youth and beauty in others, which she no

longer possesses herself, nothing but what is old is suffered to approach her, and her court is composed entirely of superannuated belles, and beaux in their dotage. A talisman placed here by Feridoun preserves in our hearts our youthful passions; we love, intrigue, quarrel, and fight, as if we were still in the bloom of seventeen, and to a stranger this sight will probably appear entertaining. Here you will find four antiquated couple, tottering through a cotillion in spectacles; while there, a circle of seniors with trumpets at their ears are fascinated by the vocal powers of a toothless toast. In one room, you will admire two fiery dolards, burning with rage, anxious to fight, but unable to draw their swords; and in another, you will see a wrinkled beauty of fourscore snatch her shrivelled hand from her drivelling adorer, refuse him in disdain one of her five remaining hairs, and exclaim against the wiles of wicked man, and the too easy faith of unsuspecting woman."—

This account piqued my curiosity, and

having nothing better to do, I accepted the services of the old domestics, who hastened to equip me for their lady's presence-chamber. They began by fixing a grey wig upon my head, and then fastened under my chin a beard, whose length was truly respectable. After this, they drew red circles round my eyes, traced several wrinkles on my forehead, and in a quarter of an hour rendered my appearance so venerable, that when I first looked in the glass, I involuntarily made myself a low bow. The servants now withdrew to announce my arrival to their mistress.

Scarcely was I left alone, when the sound of complaint attracted my attention. I listened, and heard a voice which seemed to be in the room, bemoan its hard fate, call the stars cruel, and (as is usual on such occasions) invite death to put an end to its sorrows. As I could discover nobody except myself in the chamber, and as the voice seemed to be close at my elbow, I was somewhat puzzled by this occurrence. Pre-

sently, I felt something treading upon my toes: I looked down: it was the joint-stool, which had taken that mode of attracting my attention, and which having obtained it, marched before me towards a corner-cupboard. It was fastened, and as I have always been told, that it is extremely wrong to pick a lock, I judged, that it would be much more genteel to break the door open. I did so, and found in it a tortoise-shell box, which I examined without delay. What was my surprize at finding a pair of lips of the most rosy freshness, whose continual motion (as well as that of the tongue, which I could perceive occasionally,) left me no doubt from whence the voice proceeded!

This circumstance embarrassed me not a little. In vain did I endeavour to unravel it, but could only ascertain, that from their incessant motion, the lips must certainly have belonged to a woman. Still the complaints continued; I listened to them attentively, and at length heard some sentences which cleared up my doubts at once.

—"No!" said the voice, "never was wretchedness equal to mine! Never before was woman chopped in pieces, because her daughter refused to marry a man ten yards high! Oh! if I had my eyes again, I should certainly cry them out at thinking to how ignoble an office my bosom is fated, that bosom of which I was once so proud! And shall that Harridan of a Princess possess it for ever? No! let but the rest of me be put together again, and soon will I have my bosom back in spite of her teeth; or rather in spite of *mine*, for alas! the traitress has got possession of *them* too! As for my other limbs, heaven only knows, what is become of them; but I am terribly afraid, that my legs are fallen into bad hands. Ah! if that defect in them, which I so carefully concealed from every eye, should be discovered..... Insupportable thought! Heaven and earth! I should certainly expire with shame, were it once publicly known, that my legs are bandy!"—

So pathetic was the tone, in which these

last words were pronounced, that I could not refrain from weeping. I asked the lips several questions, but to no purpose; indeed I found afterwards, that the ears, which ought to have heard me, were at that time about three thousand leagues off. However, I had no doubt, but that these very lips were part of the stray limbs recommended to my care by Caramoussal, and I immediately deposited them in the green velvet bag. This was scarcely done, when the servants returned to conduct me to the Princess; I followed them, and my three-legged companion trotted after me.

The Princess Chinchinosa (for that was her name) it seems, had been a favourite of Feridoun; I could not by any means admire Feridoun's taste. She might indeed have been handsome once, but I should never have suspected it. Her skin was like so much tanned leather: her high cheek-bones, daubed thickly over with paint, seemed ready to pierce through the skin which covered them: and not having hair enough left with which

to fasten it on, her monstrous flaxen periwig got a little more on one side with every movement; so that by the time that I had been in the room a quarter of an hour, it had made half the circuit of her head, and the hind part hung down before. She sat upon a lofty throne surrounded by her courtiers, whose nodding heads and trembling hands made me think at first, that I had got among a parcel of shaking Mandarins at a china shop. The ladies of the bed-chamber were all turned of fourscore; every maid of honour was at least in her grand climacteric; and there was not a staff officer in her whole army, who did not go upon crutches. Such was the court of the Princess Chinchinosa.

She received me very graciously, and at dinner I was placed at her right hand. I soon found, that spoon meat was in great request; not but that there was a variety of other dishes, such as old mutton, large beef, and full grown fowls. But as for lamb and veal they were forbidden food; the Princess

would have fainted at the sight of a chicken; and a pigeon, to which I was helped, proved so extremely old and tough, that in my conscience, I believe it was the same that carried Noah the olive-branch. During dinner, there was a concert, at which nothing but old music was performed; and between the instrumental pieces, a Soprano (who looked like Methusalem) favoured us by warbling Solomon's song. His hands trembled so, that he could hardly hold the music-book, and his voice being extremely infirm, I could not but allow, that his shake was wonderful. However I did not much attend to the music; another object engrossed all my attention.

Her highness's nose and chin being of an immoderate length, and meeting so close that a walnut placed between would have remained there firmly, she was obliged to introduce her food into her mouth at one corner. Luckily, that mouth was so large that she accomplished the point without difficulty, and in doing it took care to dis-

play two rows of teeth admirable for their regularity and whiteness. She saw that I remarked them, and willing to complete her supposed conquest, she made the heat a pretext for removing the gauze from her neck, and discovering a bosom of which a Grace need not have been ashamed. I no sooner beheld it, than I was convinced, that both this and the teeth belonged to the lips already in my possession. Instantly I started from my seat, with one hand cut a flesh-coloured string which fastened the bosom to the back of her highness's scraggy neck, and with the other clapped it into my bag without saying a syllable.

Chinchinosa's surprize and rage at first choaked her utterance. No sooner did she recover herself, than she seized a plate, intending to throw it at my head, and prepared to utter a volley of execrations, the first word of which I verily believe to have been nothing less than—"Damnation!"—Before she could execute either the one or the other design, I struck the golden string of my gui-

tar. Instantly her hand remained with the plate suspended in the air; her lips continued to move with incredible velocity, and she continued to repeat—"Damn, damn, damn, damn,"—without being able to bring out another syllable. Nor was the effect produced upon the spectators less strong. The High Steward, who was drinking, was unable to take the cup from his lips, and swallowed such a quantity of liquor that I expected to see him burst every moment. His wife, who was fanning herself violently, soon knocked off the mounting, and continued to shake the bare sticks. The chief Cadi was repeating an interesting anecdote, but instead of making any progress in it, he repeated the same sentence over and over and over again, while his hearers listened as attentively, as if they had never heard it before. Two old generals, who were shaking hands, continued to wring each others' fingers, till I thought that they would all have dropped off: and the master of the horse, being employed in treading affectionately on the toes of the maid

of honour who sat next to him, remained so long in this attitude, that the poor creature, (who happened to have corns) roared aloud with all her might and main. Above all I was amused by an old lady of the bed-chamber, who having just filled her mouth with a piece of burning hot pudding, was unable to get rid of it, and persevered in tossing it from one side to the other with such horrible wry faces, as would have provoked laughter in Mahomet himself. I now prepared for my departure; but first I made bold to strip Chinchinosa's mouth of its borrowed ornaments. These also I put carefully into my bag; then seating myself on the tripod, I pronounced—"Chick-ali-allah-mamoud-bizzil-khan!"—on which it gave a great jump, darted with me out of the window, and I soon lost sight of the castle and its environs.

I was well satisfied with the issue of this adventure, and still better with my wooden horse, who for a flying leap was without his equal. We soon reached the gates of a no-

ble city: not chusing to make too conspicuous a figure, I quitted my seat after using the necessary precautions, and entered the city on foot: but my companion attracted such universal notice, and the crowd which followed us created such a disturbance, that as we passed the prime minister's palace, he was induced to appear in his balcony. Struck with surprise at the sight of this animated machine, he gave orders that both of us should be conducted into his presence. This command I readily obeyed, and the stool trotted up stairs after me of its own accord.

My reception was very gracious. I took care to keep my birth and station in life a secret, which (as I knew nothing about them myself) was a matter of no great difficulty: however, I failed not occasionally to throw out certain little hints, which by saying nothing and implying a great deal, made the minister understand that I was a person of no slight importance. On his part, he informed me, that I was then

in the capital of the Danish dominions: and he begged me very politely to make use of his house during my stay at Copenhagen, a request with which I was condescending enough to comply.

At night I was conducted to a superb apartment. I could not help expressing to the domestics who were appointed to attend me, my surprize, that among all his civilities their lord had not offered to present me at court.—A flood of tears was the first answer to this observation; after which, they informed me, that the whole royal family had suddenly disappeared in a most unaccountable manner, and that the supreme power was for the present exercised by the chief minister alone. They also entreated me not to mention this subject before their lord, whose grief had been excessive on this occasion; and they even hinted, that a tender attachment to her Majesty was suspected to have no small share in producing so violent an affliction.

The domestics now left me: I retired to

my couch, where I soon fell into a profound sleep; but the tripod did not suffer me to enjoy it long. As its movements seemed to insist upon my rising, I took my guitar, and followed the most intelligent of all moveables through a long gallery, which led to the minister's own bedchamber. Unwilling to disturb him at an hour so unseasonable, I would not enter; but I made no scruple of looking through the key-hole, which (I thought) could do no harm to any-body. My surprize at what I beheld, was excessive! the minister, a grave, stately man with a white beard, was on his knees, while he addrest the most passionate and pathetic speeches to a pair of the bandiest legs that ever were covered by a petticoat! It's true, to set them off a little, they were clothed in flame-coloured stockings, with silver clocks; and I remarked, that in spite of their crookedness, they walked up and down the room with an air of extraordinary dignity!

—"Oh ho!" said I to myself; "these legs

must certainly belong to the lips and bosom in my green velvet bag: they must needs become their companions"—

But how was this to be managed? the door was locked, and the key on the inside. However, accidentally applying my shoulder to one part, and my knee to another, at the same time through mere inattention giving a tolerably hard push against it, as good luck would have it, the door happened to fly open! at that moment the right leg was replying to a tender speech of the minister's by a tolerably hard kick upon the left cheek. I walked straight up to them, took one in each hand, and in spite of all their struggling, deposited them very quietly in my green velvet bag.

Most extravagant was the rage of the prime minister! he called loudly for his servants to throw me out of the window; a ceremony, which in my opinion was quite unnecessary. Desirous, therefore, to save the poor fellows the trouble of coming up stairs, I now tried for the first time the silver chord of my

guitar. No sooner had I struck it, than the minister seemed to have been stung by a Tarantula. In vain did he strive to repress his desire to dance, a desire so unbecoming his age and station! First he extended *one* arm, then the other; now he lifted the left leg, and now the right; till at length he set off at full speed, and danced the Hayes round two elbow chairs with wonderful activity. I could not restrain my mirth, when I saw the old gentleman (his cheeks glowing with rage and his eyes flashing fire) frisk away, snap his fingers, nod his head, figure in and out between the chairs, and every now and then set to a corner cupboard. But my attention was soon called to quiet a disturbance, which had taken place in the green velvet bag. It seems, the rage for dancing had communicated itself to the flame-coloured legs; they were footing it away at an astonishing rate; while the lips complained aloud, that they were kicked black and blue, and the bosom sent forth such sighs, as if its very heart was breaking. This being the case, I thought fit

to put an end to the ball. I forbore to strike my guitar, seated myself on the joint-stool, and it sprang with me through the window, just as the minister came tumbling upon the floor, quite out of breath, and totally exhausted.

I will pass over the three next years of my life, whose events were wholly unimportant, and hasten to the period when I encountered my brother for the first time. One day, the friendly enchanter suddenly appeared before me, as I was reposing myself upon the shore of the Red Sea.

—" Youth," said he, " I am well satisfied with your obedience: you have secured those limbs, about which I was most anxious, and now I have only to find the nose and the left hip. But the time is arrived, when your brother requires your assistance: hasten then to Feridoun's island, and release him from his disgraceful captivity; but in order to accomplish that desirable event, you must first assume this necessary disguise."—

With these words he presented me with a female dress and assisted me in the arrangement of it. He proved to be a very dextrous attendant, and contrived to set off my person to such advantage, that when I peeped into my only looking-glass (the Red Sea, whose billows washed my feet,) a very smart young woman presented herself in the watery mirror. One circumstance, indeed, by no means contributed to give me a feminine appearance. I had not shaved for two days, and my beard being naturally rather black and bushy, it formed a very striking contrast with the snow-white muslin, in which my head was enveloped. No sooner did I mention this, than Caramoussal (who really is a sharp active fellow, and can turn his hand to any thing) drew out a shaving case, caught me by the nose, and whipped off my beard in the twinkling of an eye. This done, he took the green velvet bag in his hand, bade me adieu, and vanished.

I was now left to my own thoughts; I

did not indulge them long, for I was of opinion, that in order to support a female character naturally, the less that I thought the better. Not doubting that my joint-stool was acquainted with the nearest road to Feridoun's habitation, I seated myself upon it as usual, and began to pronounce the charm, when to my utter astonishment the stool slipped from under me, and I fell upon my nose with a terrible flump. I was not a little displeased at this practical jest; but resolving not to give up the point, I endeavoured to re-seat myself: the tripod proved too cunning for me: aware of my design, it would not suffer me to approach within arm's length of it, nor was it till after an hour's chace, that I succeeded in catching it. Scarcely did I grasp its fore-leg, when suddenly I felt myself seized and lifted into the air. Greatly was I alarmed at discovering, that a monstrous bird called a Roc, had pounced me, and was bearing me through the atmosphere in his talons. You may be sure that I did

not spare my lungs on this occasion, and a pair of tolerable ears might have heard my cries from the Red-Sea to Jerusalem.

A few moments only had elapsed, when I saw something glitter beneath me. The bird descended straight towards it, and I soon found myself on an island apparently composed of chrystal; upon which the beams of the sun were playing and tinging it with a variety of colours, the most beautiful and brilliant. Instantly the bird was metamorphosed into a female, the deformity of whose person and countenance was by no means compensated by the magnificence of her dress.

—"Be not alarmed, lovely lady," said she in a gentle voice: "If you prove the woman for whom I take you, you have it in your power to render a signal service to the Genius Feridoun, and in return may reckon upon his most fervent gratitude, but should I find myself mistaken in the person, I will immediately either convey you back to the spot where I found you,

or transport you to any part of the globe which you may think proper to point out. Now follow me to my sovereign."—

She then conducted me down a magnificent staircase of chrystal, till we reached a spacious saloon. Here on a throne of coral sat the giant, whom I had already seen upon Mount Atlas. He seemed greatly puzzled about something, and was entertaining himself with an immense magic lanthorn. My conductress interrupted him.

—" Illustrious lord!" said she, " look upon this damsel; in my opinion her beauty far excells that of the Princess Nour."—

The Genius forbore to answer, till he had put on his spectacles. They were formed of two enormous telescopes, and with these he examined me for some minutes with great attention. In the mean while I affected to blush, and fix my eyes through modesty on the ground.

—" In point of beauty," he replied, " you are certainly right; but charms alone will not answer my purpose: I must first know

whether she is of royal blood—come hither, pretty one: pray, where were you born?"

After a pause, during which I seemed to struggle with excess of timidity, I made a low reverence, and replied in a feigned voice—"where ever your excellence pleases."—

—"You are extremely obliging," answered he; "but as that does not quite resolve my question, I should be glad to know, who were your parents?"

—"To the best of my knowlege," said I, after a few moments past in reflection; "to the best of my knowledge they were my father and mother."—

—"So I should suppose!" cried the giant impatiently, "why the girl is an idiot! what I want to know is, what were their names and stations in life?"—

"My Lord," answered I, "they never thought proper to tell me of their own accord, and Mahomet forbid that I should have been so indiscreet, as to ask them any such impertinent questions."—

"Why, I protest," exclaimed Feridoun,

" you are a very paragon of prudence ! But as I am not likely to gain much information from you, we may as well break off our discourse. Cadiga, conduct her to the Princess Nour, while I endeavour to discover by my books, that of which she seems herself to be so ignorant. Go, my pretty simplicity ; Cadiga will furnish you with play-things, and you may have as many almonds and raisins as you can manage to eat."—

I thanked him with an aukward childish air, and then followed Cadiga, mincing my steps as much as possible, and mostly walking upon tip-toe. I was now ushered into an apartment, formed also of chrystal. But curtains of gold stuff were suspended round the walls, and effectually prevented the persons within, from being seen by those without. At the further end of the room was a sofa, on which sat a young lady of exquisite beauty. She was splendidly drest, and was singing a plaintive air to her lute. Cadiga now bade me adieu, and retired, locking the door after her.

The joint stool all this while had remained in my hand without motion. Its weight, added to that of the guitar, was by no means inconsiderable; I was not sorry therefore to set it on the ground. No sooner was it at liberty, than it ran towards the lady, tumbled itself at her feet, and as far as I could guess from its movements, seemed to express great joy at the sight of her. Without paying it any attention, the stranger rose, and came towards me with open arms.

—"Welcome," she began, "welcome, lovely Princess, to this odious prison! I am well aware that in you I behold one of these unhappy beauties, who are destined to share with me the task of spinning the cord, on which depends the preservation of our tyrant's power: but I am still ignorant, whether you are the adorable Sapinella of Jutland, or the divine Moussellina of Astracan. Answer me, amiable stranger; whom do I embrace at this moment?"—

Thus saying, she extended her arms towards me, and I was not behind-hand in

opening mine: unluckily, the joint stool, who had no arms to spread, was provoked at seeing ours in that attitude: and just as we were on the point of embracing, it very impolitely pushed itself between us so suddenly, that I was very near tumbling over it head foremost. I made two or three more attempts with no better success; till finding, that whenever I approached the lady, the inconvenient tripod never failed to tread upon my toes, break my shins, or kick my ankles, I gave up the point, and resolved to make a virtue of necessity. Accordingly, I declared my sex, and requested to know whether she could give me any intelligence of my brother. On finding that she had offered to embrace a man, the fair stranger endeavoured to blush: she did not succeed, but I gave her great credit for the attempt. She then launched out in praise of the propriety of my conduct; protested that she should have been shocked to death, had she kissed a male creature; and thanked me in very strong terms for having made my confes-

sion, though I saw, that in her heart she would have been quite as well pleased, if I had kept it to myself. She then desired me to be seated; I obeyed, and placed myself by her on the sopha; but the jealous joint stool took care to squeeze himself in between us.

—"If by your brother," began the Princess, "you mean the warrior who calls himself Facardin, I can only inform you, that e is now upon this island, and is a great favourite of Feridoun's, and a still greater of his wife's. Not that I have seen him myself, being never suffered to quit this apartment; nor is he likely to visit me, as Cadiga informs me, that he professes an invincible antipathy to women. I know no more about your brother, whose rescue, I hope, you will speedily accomplish. My own deliverance, I fear, is far off: I am guarded by a thousand indissoluble spells, and alas! the chains which I wear, were forged by my own imprudence."

History of NOUR, Princess of Serendip.

My father, who was sovereign of Serendip, died when I was scarcely fourteen, and left me his sole heiress. I was sought in marriage by a multitude of admirers, but none made himself so agreeable to me, as Zemin, Prince of Fez. Not that there was any thing particularly captivating either in his figure or his face; neither was his wit very brilliant, or his understanding uncommonly profound: but then he was extremely good-humoured, and composed the very best riddles, that I ever read in my life. Besides, he was so merry and comical, that he kept me in a fit of laughter from morning till night; and when I add, that he danced perfectly well, and had very white teeth, you will easily conceive that I loved him to distraction.

On the day preceding that fixed for our marriage, as we sat in a bower of my gardens, Zemin happened to praise the workmanship of a certain chest, which stood in his chamber. His account of it excited my curiosity, and it was sent for. It proved to be made of sandal-wood, but its greatest ornament consisted in a number of golden figures inlaid upon the lid, on which they moved about as if they were alive, performed dances, fought battles, and were perfectly obedient to the commands of Zemin. At length I inquired, what the box contained? With surprize I learned, that my lover was ignorant himself. A dervise, who was then dead, had made him a present of it; at the same time assuring him, that if he dared to open it without the Genius Feridoun's permission, he would expose himself to the most dreadful misfortunes.

No sooner did I hear this, than I resolved to try my influence over Zemin by compelling him to open the chest. In vain did he remonstrate; and as he still persisted in

refusing compliance, I threw myself into an agony of passion, and at length pretended to faint. Zemin could not stand this trial of his affection. He seized the chest, touched a secret spring known only to himself, and the lid instantly flying off, he drew forth the contents, and laid them at my feet. Of course I immediately recovered from my swoon, in order to examine his present. It consisted of a steel bow and an arrow with a golden head. But no sooner were they out of Zemin's hand, than an enormous bird (shaped and coloured like a cock, but neither whose size nor flight resembled that animal's) darted from above, seized the bow and arrow, and was out of sight with them in an instant.

This incident was strange, but the next was terrible. Suddenly, the ground opened at a few paces distant from us, and a black shaggy gigantic arm coming out of it, grasped my two hands, and dragged me into the cavity. Zemin, who was staring after the feathered robber with his mouth wide open,

was alarmed by my cries. He flew to assist me, and was just in time to catch me by the feet. By these he attempted to draw me back again; and the shaggy arm persisting in pulling me down, while my lover persisted in pulling me up, I was see-sawed in this manner for a full half hour, than which nothing could be more disagreeable. At length, a violent exertion of the shaggy arm compelled Zemin to let go his hold. Down I went head foremost; the earth closed over me, and for this time I fainted in good earnest.

On recovering, I found myself in this apartment, and attended by Cadiga, who informed me, that I was in the power of the Genius Feridoun. I inquired, for what crime I was thus imprisoned? She replied, that her master was highly offended with me for having been the means of throwing the enchanted bow and arrow into the power of his enemy Caramoussal: but this was not his only motive in carrying me off. It seems, that there exist three spinning-wheels, which

being put into the hands of the three most beautiful Princesses in the universe, will fabricate a cord, long enough to reach from the summit of Mount Atlas to the surface of the sea, and strong enough to fetter the three sons of the Enchantress, Mergian-Banou, whose magic powers are alone equal to contend against Feridoun's. By various stratagems he has obtained possession of two of these spinning-wheels; and as he daily hopes to make himself master of the third, he naturally is anxious to discover the three Princesses destined to make use of these cabalistical machines. For this purpose, he procured the baptismal registers of all the Princesses at present in existence. He then, by means of an enchanted lanthorn, caused them all to pass in review before him, and adjudged the palm of beauty to Moussellina of Astracan, Sapinella of Jutland, and your humble servant. To assure himself that his selection was correct, he next summoned the three most beautiful Princesses in the world to appear. First came Moussellina; good!—

Then appeared Sapinella; better!—But now when it was *my* turn to advance, lo! and behold! in walked a lady veiled from head to foot, and whose stature sufficiently declared, that she was not the Princess of Serendip. This has puzzled the Genius not a little. Though frequently repeated, the trial has never met with better success. Every time, that he summons the Princesses by their names, he is more and more convinced, that I am one of the charming trio: but no sooner does he call for the three most beautiful Princesses, than in steps this veiled lady, and puts all his ideas in confusion. Cadiga, under the form of a Roc, is frequently dispatched abroad, in hopes of making some discovery; nor do I doubt, noble stranger," (continued the Princess Nour, addressing herself to me,) "that deceived by your dress, she fancied, that you might possibly be that mysterious fair-one, and under that persuasion conveyed you to Feridoun's island. Should this be the case, I can only advise you to. . . . . "—

—" I can't hear one word they say!" cried some one above us in an angry tone.

We both started from the sopha, and looked upwards: to my utter astonishment I beheld my former mistress, Chrystallina, perched upon the transparent roof, which (not being so thick as the walls) happened at this moment to give way with a loud crash, and the paragon of curiosity came tumbling into the middle of the room. We ran to her assistance, and found, that in spite of so dangerous an accident, she would escape with a black eye and two or three contusions. She now thought proper to apologize for so abrupt an entrance. She stated, that learning from her attendants, that two unknown persons were concealed in this apartment, she could not but feel anxious to take a peep at them; that as the door was locked, she made bold to procure a ladder and look in at the roof; and she finished by entreating to know who we were, as she was extremely curious to learn our histories.

Nour (who had good reasons for pardon-

ing the faults of curiosity) readily promised to content Chrystallina: but I had other business in hand. The stool having given me several hints, that it was time to resume our journey, I pronounced the usual charm, on which it sprang with me through the fractured cieling, and soon landed me in the saloon, where I had been presented to the Genius. He was absent himself, but in his stead I beheld a person much more welcome to me: it was my brother, who holding the magic lanthorn, gazed with great earnestness on the opposite wall, where appeared the figure of a beautiful female: her countenance was extremely grave, and above her head was inscribed in characters of fire—"Moussellina the Serious, Princess of Astracan."—

I hastened to embrace him, and expected him to be greatly surprized at hearing me salute him as my brother: but it seems, that Caramoussal had already informed him in a dream both of my relationship and my disguise. He received me, therefore, with much cordiality, but little astonishment. I

explained to him the virtues of my tripod, and proposed, that we should make use of them to quit Feridoun's dominions. He embraced my offer without hesitation.

—"You cannot do me a greater favour," said he, "for of all the islands in the universe, this island is the dullest, and its mistress is the most tiresome person under the sun, except its master. Besides, happening to enter this apartment, I found this magic lanthorn, and the lamp being lighted, to keep myself from going to sleep, I began to play with it. You see the figure which presented itself; nothing can be more lovely, and I was just thinking how much I should be delighted to throw myself at the feet of the original, if travelling all the way to Astracan were not so extremely troublesome. However, your equipage obviates this difficulty, and (if your praise of its expedition be not exaggerated) I shall soon find myself in the presence of the incomparable Moussellina."—

I challenged him to an immediate trial of the merits of my stool: it was large enough

to carry double with ease; we seated ourselves, and it set off at full speed. We soon reached the sea, into which the intrepid machine plunged without hesitation, and landed us safe on the opposite shore. Here Caramoussal was waiting for us; he gave me great credit for the manner in which I had executed my commission; at the same time informing me, that as no one could enter Feridoun's island without its master's permission, he had been obliged to disguise me, in order that the Genius might introduce me there himself. Then restoring my male-apparel, and ordering us to hasten to Astracan, he embraced us affectionately, and then disappeared.

We obeyed him, and travelled forward with great celerity; though my brother frequently complained of not being able to lean back. However, in spite of this inconvenience, the drowsiness of his nature so far got the better of him, that when we were about two days journey from Astracan, he

fell asleep in broad day-light, and losing his seat, in the middle of a sound nap, came tumbling upon the ground. The machine stopped of its own accord; but in my anxiety for his safety, I forgot every thing else, and sprang off the stool without taking the necessary precautions. No whistling was thought of! No guittar-bridge was remembered! Fraternal affection took entire possession of my mind! My brother was luckily unhurt; he yawned, rubbed his eyes, and rose; but even his apathy was not quite proof against astonishment, when he saw the joint-stool raise itself upon its hind legs, split its third leg into two arms, (between which sprouted out an head and shoulders,) and at length present to us the form of a youth, of diminutive but elegant form, and of a countenance, though not handsome, remarkably engaging."—

—"I am sorry for it," exclaimed Dinarzade, "with all my heart and soul. Let me die, if this be not another Prince, with ano-

ther history, which will prove as long and as tedious as those of the Princes, his predecessors."—

—"Fair Dinarzade," replied Facardin of Trebizonde, "as frequently is the case with you, you are perfectly mistaken. This stranger was no other than Zemin, whose adventures you have already heard related by the Princess Nour. The Genius having in his wrath changed him into a three-legged stool, Caramoussal took pity on him; and as one spell can only be reversed by another, he promised that Zemin should regain his original shape, whenever the person, who sat upon him, should rise without first complying with certain conditions. On giving him to me, and endowing him with peculiar powers of velocity and discretion, the Enchanter was compelled to make those conditions known to me. I had neglected to fulfil them, and in consequence Zemin had regained his proper form.

He thanked us in very strong terms for the service, which we had rendered him;

though we could not help wishing, that it had been delayed eight and forty hours longer. His magic speed would have conveyed us in two days to Astracan, which, in the common mode of travelling, we had no hopes of reaching under a month. However, we concealed our chagrin from Zemin, and accepted the offer of his company to Astracan. On our arrival we found, that the Princess was absent on her usual tour, but were advised to meet her on the banks of this river, where she would not fail to appear at a stated period, and where the grand laughing trial was to take place. Hither then we hastened, each having adopted that dress, which seemed most likely to excite ludicrous ideas. Zemin, in remembrance of that bird which robbed him of the fatal bow and arrow, has chosen the resemblance of a cock. For my part, a whimsical fellow whom I encountered the other day, and who made himself extremely ridiculous by his admiration of a lady's slipper, which he wore in his

helmet, suggested to me the dress, which you saw me wear this morning.

I now come to the most unfortunate adventure of my life, or shall I rather say, the most fortunate? But a few days are past, since I recognized at a distance the royal music of Astracan. Not doubting but that the Princess was at hand, we hastened towards it. Suddenly, we heard loud shrieks proceeding from the banks of a river, and on looking round, we descryed two strangers mounted on camels; one of whom, being unable to restrain the animal on which he rode, was carried by him into the water. We quickened our pace in hopes of assisting him; but being at some distance, when we reached the spot, neither men nor camels were discernible. Nothing was to be seen, except some loose papers floating upon the water.

Suddenly, I perceived something glittering at my feet; it proved to be a gold box studded with sapphires, and which probably had been dropped by one of the two

strangers. I opened it; that moment decided my fate! I beheld the portrait of a female so exquisitely beautiful, that from the first moment I felt my happiness to depend on my possessing the original, and every succeeding minute has confirmed that conviction. Judge then, what must be my grief, when my brother assured me, that by means of Feridoun's magic lanthorn having seen all the Princesses in existence, he beheld no face in the least resembling this portrait: yet, that it must represent a Princess, is sufficiently proved by the diadem upon her brow. Alas! she was doubtless some anti-deluvian toast! Some fair-one, who was in vogue about the time of the building of Babel! Otherwise, her beauty must already have rendered her celebrated, and the sighs of innumerable adorers have thundered her name through the universe. Judge, noble stranger, whether I have praised her too highly."—

—"Here," continued the Prince of Trebizonde, "he put the gold box into my

hand. What was my surprize, my joy, my ecstasy, when I recognized a portrait, which I had lost, and which was the exact resemblance of. . . . . "—

—" Of whom?" interrupted Dinarzade eagerly.

—" Of a person," continued Facardin, " whose name must never pass my lips. No, Caramoussal; I will preserve my oath to you inviolate, however hard may be the task, however strong may be the temptation."—

Here the Prince paused for a few minutes; he sighed deeply; his eyes were suffused with tears. However, he soon recovered himself, and resumed his narration in these words:

—" The joy with which I surveyed the portrait, did not escape its admirer. He eagerly inquired, whether I recognized the features? I replied in the affirmative; adding, that it represented a Princess, who had been buried at least ten years. The gaiety, with which I gave this intelligence, greatly

offended the enamoured knight. I endeavoured to appease him.

—"Who the lady was," said I, "I am not at liberty to reveal; but though she is dead and buried, I can assure you, that your passion is likely to meet with a return. One part of Caramoussal's prediction is accomplished; this portrait, at the sight of which your heart for the first time throbbed with real love, will doubtless prove cold and insensible; and though it is in your possession, I presume, you have no thoughts of making that piece of ivory your wife. One part of the oracle is still unfulfilled—'The first object, which he loves,' said the Enchanter, 'he shall love for ever.'—Prove this to be true, and all may yet be well. But above all, take no offence at anything, that I may do or say. Be assured, that my favour is at present of no slight consequence to you, and that my good word will have great influence upon the success of your amours."—

Facardin of the Grotto entreated me to

be more explicit; but finding me resolute in silence, he woke his brother, (who during this conversation had fallen asleep,) took a cordial leave of me, and then my two namesakes retired to their own apartments.

Next morning I was rouzed by a message from Moussellina, who was impatient to see me, and my spinning-wheel. I drest myself in haste, and (wheel in hand) soon entered the royal tent. The whole court was assembled there, and even Chrystallina; for in spite of the affronts which she had received on the preceding evening, curiosity to hear the story of Fortimbrass would not permit her to be absent. On my entrance a chair of state was presented to me.

—"Spin!" said the Princess, as soon as I was seated:—"Spin!"—

I obeyed; she followed my example. No sooner did we turn the handles of our wheels, than the third appeared at the top of the tent, accompanied by the two beautiful arms, which had made use of it on the former evening. The Princess rose, and made a low

reverence, as if to thank them for taking so much trouble upon her account. On the contrary, Fortimbrass, who sat near his niece, immediately burst into a flood of tears.

—"You do well, my dear niece," said he, "in showing attention to so near a relation. Alas! those lovely hands are the cause of all my woes, and yet with what tender delight does the sight of them inspire me! But I fear, that I am not quite intelligible. Listen then, charming Moussellina, and compassionate my sufferings."—

An universal silence instantly prevailed through the tent, and Fortimbrass commenced his narrative as follows.

History of FORTIMBRASS, KING OF DENMARK.

Though my birth on the mother's side is illustrious, I must own with blushes, that my father was a plebeian: Bedreddin was the son of a respectable pastry-cook in Samarcand, and from his earliest years evinced a natural turn for his father's profession. In particular, his pigeon-pies were inimitable: but unluckily happening to season one with rats-bane instead of pepper, (which occasioned the death of the favourite Sultana, the Mufti, and a sky-blue lap dog, of which the king was particularly fond) he was obliged to make a precipitate retreat from Samarcand. It was rumoured indeed, that he might have been forgiven for the deaths of the Queen and the Mufti, for his Samarcandish majesty very sagaciously observed—"Women and parsons are to be found in plenty every where; but where can I find another sky-blue lap-dog?"—

In short, the dog proved my father's ruin, who for several years wandered about the world in the most abject poverty.

Chance at length conducted him to the island, on which the enchantress Mergian-Banou had fixed her residence. His person pleased her eye, and his pigeon pies her palate. To fix so admirable a cook for ever in her service, she resolved to marry him; but previous to the nuptials, she took the precaution of rooting every twig of hemlock and nightshade out of the island. This proceeding was by no means unnecessary; for often did my father feel a strong inclination to treat her with a taste of such a pigeon-pie, as he had served up to the sky-blue lap dog. This being out of the case, he endeavoured to bear Mergian-Banou's ill-temper (which in truth was diabolical) with patience; and upon the whole they lived together very tolerably for man and wife, though extremely ill for man and woman. Three children were

the fruits of their union, one of which I had the honour to be.

At the age of sixty, death paid a visit to Bedreddin; for though my mother could prolong her own days, her power did not extend to prolonging those of other people. No sooner was her husband dead, than she felt the loss of him most severely. Deprived of the exercise of kicking and cuffing him, she could find no use upon earth for her arms and legs. Her appetite left her entirely, for no dish was now so well seasoned as Bedreddin's pigeon pies. So exquisite had been her pleasure in scolding him, that scolding other people appeared quite insipid to her; her tongue remained motionless; she left off talking entirely; when matters were come to such a pitch as this, I knew, that the business must be nearly over with her! in short, she resolved to follow her husband to the grave, in hopes of eating pigeon pies with him in Paradise. In consequence, she neglected the usual means of prolonging her existence.

In vain did my brothers and myself implore her to change this fatal resolution: she paid no more regard to our remonstrances, than if they had been her husband's.

—"It's extremely hard," said she angrily, "that I may not so much as die to please myself; but certainly it must be the will of the stars, that I should be thwarted in every thing! However, your disobedience shall not prevent my performing the part of a good mother. I have it in my power to make two of my sons sovereigns; while the third will become possest of my magic art, a lot by no means the least valuable. Come then, my children; let each of you draw a paper from this bag of green velvet, and you will know the portions allotted to you by fate."—

We obeyed. Each drew forth a sealed paper, and examined its contents with eagerness. The kingdom of Denmark fell to my own share: that of China to Tarif

Eldin's, while to Caramoussal (the eldest of us) was allotted our mother's magic art.

—"Now shall my kindness stop here," resumed Mergian-Banou. "Behold these three ebony spinning-wheels; in them are contained those potent spells, which hold in submission the spirits of earth and air, of fire and water! no one can deprive you of them by force, nor even by artifice, except a *woman;* be careful therefore never to trust them out of your own keeping, till you can place them in the hands of the three most beautiful princesses in the universe. These lovely persons must then spin a cord long enough to reach from the summit of Mount Atlas to the surface of the sea; the possession of which, my sons, you must afterwards decide by lot. He, to whose share it falls will become sovereign, not only over his brothers, but over all the genii and sorcerers who exist; and in particular will be enabled to bind with that rope in everlasting fetters, the giant Feridoun, the mortal enemy of my race. But above

all, you must take care to make no mistake respecting the beauty of the royal damsels to whom you intrust the wheels, for unless they are the *most* beautiful, the charm will have no effect."—

"Mother," replied Caramoussal, after a short conference in private with Tarif-Eldin and myself," we thank you sincerely for your generous intentions; but forgive us, if we do not profit by your last bequest. Too fondly linked together by fraternal affection, for either of us to wish for dominion over the others, we never can consent to the spinning of the mysterious cord."—

Though sensible that her last moments were at hand, Mergian-Banou could not restrain her vexation at this speech.

—"Mahomet grant me patience," cried the enchantress jumping bolt upright in her bed; "was ever mother cursed with three such obstinate blockheads by way of sons! I can tell you, young gentlemen, if my advice is not followed, you will repent it sorely; for though while the wheels are in

your possession, they will guard you against every misfortune, should any one of them ever fall into the hands of....."—

Here death broke the thread of her discourse, and our mother lay before us, a breathless corse. Fatal accident! had we but heard the conclusion of that sentence, what dreadful calamities should we have escaped! but alas! repining is now of no more use than these reflections!—I proceed with my history.

The first burst of grief being over, Tarif-Eldin and myself urged Caramoussal to accept the mysterious cord. He positively refused, and as neither of us would even endure the thoughts of becoming the sovereign of our elder brother, it was unanimously resolved, that the cord should not be fabricated at all. We now separated; but not till Caramoussal had given to each of his brothers a small silver hand-bell, the sound of which would summon him to our assistance from the utmost extremity of the

globe. To this gift was added a couple of flying tygers; for as neither Tarif-Eldin nor myself possessed the least necromantic knowledge, without this assistance we should probably have found some little difficulty in travelling into China and Denmark from an island in the Caspian Sea in three quarters of an hour.

—" Pardon my interrupting you," said Chrystallina at this part of the King of Denmark's story, " but I have heard Feridoun frequently mention the Danish monarch, the Chinese Emperor, and Caramoussal as the three *Genii*, of whom alone he was in fear. How comes it then, that being a Genius, you possess no supernatural powers ?"—

—" Because, my fair lady," answered Fortimbrass, " our mother being a sorceress in her own right, her sons were all called Genii by courtesy, though in fact none but the eldest had any legal claim to that title: and as to his fears of us, they proceeded from our being in possession of the ebony spinning-wheels,

which (as an Oracle had fore-warned him) were capable of fabricating a talisman superior to all those, of which he was master himself.

My first appearance upon a flying tyger had something in it so novel and striking, that my new subjects were instantly prepossessed in my favour, and I was placed upon the throne with universal approbation. Soon after, I espoused Farruknaz, the reigning queen of Bactria, a woman of singular beauty, whose younger sister was already married to the King of Astracan.

In little more than four months after our marriage, the queen presented me with a daughter. Being somewhat surprised at this circumstance, I consulted several famous physicians, whether they had ever heard of such a case before? they answered, that such an accident was common enough on the *first* time of a wife's lying-in, but desired me to make myself quite easy, for it was never known to happen a second time.

This assurance satisfied me completely; and as my daughter had made her appearance in the very spring of my marriage, I determined to call her Sapinella, which (as I need not inform you) in the Danish tongue means Primrose. Her charms have rendered this name famous; but of all the Princes, who at the age of fifteen sought the hand of the lovely Sapinella of Jutland, heiress of Denmark and of Bactria, no proposals were so acceptable to me or to herself, as those of the Prince of Ophir. Possibly, fair Moussellina, you are not sufficiently skilled in geography to know the exact situation of that kingdom: permit me therefore to explain it to you. At that extremity of the Red Sea, which is nearest to the Indies, are situated on one side the confines of Ophir, and on the other extend those of Bactria. The sovereigns of Bactria for time immemorial have been at enmity with those of Ophir: the reason was a very silly one; a case by no

means unexampled among neighbours, who like these were only separated by five or six hundred leagues of water. These two potent sovereigns having plagued themselves with wars during upwards of fifteen hundred years, it was at length agreed between the King of Ophir and myself, that a final period should be put to them, and a lasting peace cemented by the union of our children.

My daughter was loveliness itself; and the Prince of Ophir was a prodigy of personal charms and mental talents, though hitherto he had been as cold as ice to the fair sex. However, plenipotentiaries having met on both sides, the treaty was soon concluded. Now it happened that the Bactrian minister, though a great politician, had scarcely an inch of nose; but to make up for it, he had the most enormous mouth, that ever was beheld with eyes. The ambassador of Ophir, on the contrary.....no! stay a moment, till I recollect

myself!—yes—exactly so. It was the ambassador of Ophir, whose mouth was so small, that a child of a year old would have got the tip of its finger into it with difficulty; but then he made amends for it by a nose the most gigantic, and the thickest studded with warts and pimples, that ever adorned the face of a plenipotentiary.

My ambassador carried the articles of peace and Sapinella's portrait to the court of Ophir; but he might have saved himself the trouble; the Prince would not even look at the picture, and having watched for an opportunity of escaping, fled secretly from court one night, at about three quarters after twelve. But what happened in the interim at the other court, will make your hair stand an end with horror. Before I relate this catastrophe, it is necessary to inform you, that at the distance of about two stadii and a half from Fourchimena (the Bactrian capital) there was a small wood, extremely dark: that within this wood there

was a temple still more gloomy, [listen to this with attention, I beseech you,] that on the summit of this temple, there was a pinnacle, which towered among the clouds; that on the top of this pinnacle, there was a cage; and that in this cage there was a certain cock, whose predictions were esteemed as oracles throughout Bactria. Remember these circumstances, if you please, for they are of material consequence.

I was at this period resident myself at Fourchimena. The ambassador of Ophir was not yet arrived, and the whole court was expecting him with the greatest impatience, on account of the splendid fire-works prepared against the wedding-night. In the mean while, the lovely Sapinella, who (as a princess ought to be, who had received so excellent an education) was extremely partial to handsome, well-made young men, entreated her mother to accompany her privately to the oracle of the cock, in order to ascertain exactly at what hour the

Prince of Ophir would arrive: for, trusting to the information of the news-papers she made no doubt, that in order to render the scene more interesting, her lover himself would arrive most gallantly, under the name of the King his father's ambassador. My daughter, therefore, growing weary of being drest out, frizzed, and perfumed at all hours, (as through fear of being taken by surprize, had been the case during three days and three nights together,) was just on the point of slipping out through the stable door in the twilight, unaccompanied by maids of honor or ladies of the bed-chamber; when the queen was informed, that the minister of Ophir was just arrived in a post chaise.

This proof of amorous impatience confirmed them in the idea, that this could be no other than the handsome Prince in person. The chariot which was to have carried them to the oracle, brought them back to the palace. Sapinella (who hoped

to reward the Prince for his anxiety to see her, by proving to him, that the sight was worth the trouble) did nothing but teach her eyes to languish, bite her lips to make them look red, and pull her hair this way and the other; till at length the audience began. But when the real ambassador appeared, I really thought, that she would have fainted. She was so fully persuaded that this was the Prince in disguise, that when instead of the most lovely countenance in the world she beheld this pelican's nose hanging over a mouth, which appeared to be made with a gimblet, she exclaimed aloud, and with violence,—" that the Prince of Ophir's *mouth* might water, but that the Princess of Bactria turned up her *nose* at him!"—Not contented with this transport of indignation, she sank upon her knees before the whole assembly, and raising her eyes to heaven,—" may Mahomet never have mercy upon my sins," she cried, " and may his alcoran be my poison, if

ever I marry the Prince of Ophir, till I become old and hideous enough to inspire him with the same aversion, which the sight of him now creates in me."—Having said this she kissed the earth, which is looked upon by the Bactrians as the most solemn manner of ratifying a vow.

The poor ambassador who had not yet commenced his harangue, was extremely astonished at this aversion so openly avowed towards the most charming Prince in the universe. He pocketed the golden trumpet, which he was going to insert in his mouth in order to render his compliments audible, and quitted the audience-chamber in the same manner that he had entered it: but he ascended his post chaise in such a storm of rage, that we all thought his nose would never get out of the city without setting it in flames, it appeared so red and fiery! On the other hand the Princess tore herself from the encircling arms of her father, gave a sound box on the ear

to her governess who was in vain endeavouring to pacify her, sprang upon the horse of one of the officers of the guard, and away she galloped astride to the oracle of the miraculous cock. On reaching the wood, she descended, and was on the point of entering the temple, when by the glimmerings of the moon beams she perceived a youth in bright armour seated at the foot of a lofty cedar, to which his courser was bound.

I need not explain that this stranger was the Prince of Ophir, whom (while flying from his father's court) chance had guided to the oraculous wood; neither need I mention, that Sapinella instantly fell in love with him to distraction.

—"Gallant stranger," said she in a gentle voice, while her blushes made her cover her face with her fan, though she made no scruple of peeping at the Prince through an oval hole in the handle of it, "gallant stranger, pardon the intrusion of an unknown! you

behold in me the unfortunate Princess of Bactria, who. . . . "—

—" Of Bactria," exclaimed the Prince of Ophir, starting back in dismay! that name recalled to him all the horrors of matrimony! already he fancied himself married, already heard Sapinella called bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh; and unable to resist the impulse of his feelings, he sprang upon his horse, struck his spurs into the animal's sides, and without saying adieu to my daughter, he soon left the oraculous wood a full league behind him.

Sapinella was not a little surprised at this abrupt departure. She gazed after him with her mouth wide open, nor had she succeeded in closing it, when the giant Feridoun stood before her. Happening to have some business with the miraculous cock that evening, he entered the wood just as the Prince of Ophir left it. No sooner did he see my daughter, than he loved her, and no sooner did he love her than he told her so: but he

had chosen a most unpropitious moment for making his addresses. She not only rejected them positively, but assured him, that he was the most horrible creature she had ever seen, and that if he would come to the capital, he might easily make a fortune by exhibiting himself as a monster. At the conclusion of this civil speech, she vaulted into her saddle without staying to consult the oracle, snapped her fingers at the Genius in token of contempt, then gave her horse a kick and galloped home again, as hard as she galloped away.

Incensed at this behaviour, Feridoun had recourse to his spells: but when he found that they had no effect upon the fugitive, it struck him, that she must certainly be under the protection of one of the three magic spinning wheels, of which he had so long been in search. It was to preserve us from the malevolence of this very sorcerer, that our mother had advised our spinning the mysterious cord, which would render the power

of the possessor superior to his, and would enable us to bind this formidable enemy hand and foot, whenever he should render himself obnoxious. We had neglected Mergian-Banou's prudent counsels, and (though it was then unknown to me) one member of our family had already experienced the fatal effects of our disobedience.

Feridoun had, it seems, taken a fancy to be Emperor of China, and invaded that kingdom at a time, when grief for the recent loss of his wife rendered Tarif-Eldin the less able to repel the attack. However, conscious that though the loss of his wife was a bad thing, the loss of his empire would be a still worse, he exerted his military talents with such effect as to defeat the invaders; and as the spinning-wheel protected him from all supernatural enemies, Feridoun was obliged to regain the chrystal island without having accomplished his object. On reaching his home, his first care was to consult his books, as to the cause which rendered his

most powerful spells without effect when exercised upon the Emperor of China. He now learned for the first time that there existed three spinning-wheels, once the property of the pre-adamite Sultanas; that each of these sufficed to protect not only its owner but his family from every species of enchantment; and that if they were collected and placed in the hands of the three most beautiful Princesses in the world, they would fabricate a cord, which would make its possessor sovereign lord over all the Genii and sorcerers in existence, whether good, bad, or indifferent.

This intelligence made Feridoun set all his wits to work. The talismans in question (he well knew) could not be taken by force, nor could he become master of them except through a woman's hands. To a woman then he applied himself, and caused your merry mother, fair Moussellina, to stop at Pekin, in her road to her husband's dominions. Here under the disguise of a dervise,

he took care to explain to her the importance of the ebony spinning-wheel, and expatiated upon its virtues, till her desire to possess it became extreme. Tarif-Eldin was still sorrowing in widowhood; but the Queen of Astracan soothed him and consoled him so comically, that in less than a week she had completely laughed his wife out of his heart, and herself into it. No sooner did she find him entirely in her power, than she fixed the price of her favours at the surrender of the spinning-wheel; though she was too much a woman of honour to intend to keep her word. My brother was infatuated; the wheel was given into her hands, and that very night the Queen departed privately from Pekin, carrying with her the palladium of Tarif-Eldin's happiness. He soon felt the fatal effects of his imprudence. Feridoun again invaded China, and with such success, that scarcely could a faithful courtier escape with my brother's two young sons, both of them still in the cradle.

Soon wearied of his conquest, Feridoun shortly after returned to the chrystal island; but he was not so soon weary of tormenting the unfortunate Emperor, whom he had transformed into an enormous cock, frequently amusing himself by making him fight matches against animals of the same species, and sometimes setting him up to be thrown at by little boys at an asper a piece. At length even these amusements lost their relish, and one day he had actually ordered him to be fricasseed for dinner; when my feathered relation perceived the magic handbell, given to him by Caramoussal, which till then he had totally forgotten, and which the Genius (ignorant of its use) had brought with him to the island among other spoils for the sake of the silver. Tarif-Eldin seized it with eagerness, and the very first tingle brought Caramoussal to his assistance.

The Enchanter's threats and expostulations induced Feridoun to spare the life of the human cock; but it was only upon condition,

that he should act the part of the Bactrian oracle during a certain number of years, at the expiration of which term, he should be delivered into the hands of Caramoussal. Accordingly, the Emperor was inclosed within the cage of the pinnacle, and compelled occasionally to deliver such oracles as the Genius (who frequently officiated as priestess himself) thought proper to suggest.

—" But wherefore," said Moussellina, " did Feridoun suffer my mother to retain possession of the spinning-wheel? For in her possession it still was, when she died. Her principal confidante then gave me the key of the closet, which contained it, accompanied by my mother's dying injunction, not to unlock the door: an injunction, which I never disobeyed till after the loss of a certain part of my dress, which shall be nameless."—

—" To take it from her by force," replied Fortimbrass, " was impracticable; but Feridoun certainly expected the Queen to give it him with her own free will. However,

when he demanded it, her majesty, your mother, (who knew well the value of the wheel, and who loved a joke better than custard,) thought, that it would be an excellent jest to out-wit the Genius, and therefore assured him (at the same time laughing heartily) that she intended to keep it herself. This promise she adhered to more faithfully than her former ones, as indeed was natural; for it certainly is infinitely more difficult to keep a promise, which we make to please other people, than one which we make to please ourselves. Feridoun, however took this joke so ill, that he vowed to make your mother laugh on the wrong side of her mouth; but as the talisman effectually secured her from his resentment, he resolved, that you at least should not jest so out of season, and accordingly endowed you at your birth with that immoveable gravity, which nothing but the effect of his own enchantments can dispel.—So much for the history of my brother, I now resume to my own.

On Sapinella's return home, she expatiated upon the beauty of the unknown youth, and painted the giant's appearance and menaces in the most terrific colours. My poor wife was so much alarmed, that she was actually going to swoon, but on second thoughts put it off till a more convenient season. Every female in the palace joined her in beseeching me to take all possible measures for preserving them from this terrible giant, declaring one and all, that they expected to be murdered or worse before the next morning: at all events, they should never be able to sleep quietly in their beds for thinking of the giant, that was absolutely certain! Farruknaz indeed, who was a most virtuous personage, and held her honour far more precious than her life, dwelt more particularly on Feridoun's enormous stature, and hinted, that all the female chastity, both in Denmark and Bactria, would be endangered by an enemy ten yards high. For my own part, I was persuaded, that the talisman

(whose mysterious virtue I had prudently concealed from every one) was a full security against the attacks of our unknown foe: however, to satisfy the women, I ordered the palace-guard to be doubled, and soon after removed my court to the capital of Denmark.

Some weeks past away in such tranquillity, that we not only hoped that Feridoun had forgotten *us*, but at last we actually forgot *him*. In the mean while, Sapinella had spared no pains to obtain some tidings of the unknown possessor of her heart. She described his person accurately in the royal Copenhagen Gazette, and offered five hundred sequins reward to any, who would tell her where to find him. All her exertions were in vain; and she began to despair of ever discovering him, when one evening while she was wandering in the palace gardens, she suddenly felt something seize her by the foot. She looked down, and perceived an enormous toad (a reptile, to which she

had always a particular aversion) gnawing the toe of her slipper. She uttered a loud scream, hastily drew her foot out of its covering, and instantly the toad and the slipper disappeared together. As soon as the beautiful Sapinella recovered from her alarm, she hobbled back to her chamber, and called for another pair of shoes: but, oh! grief of griefs! none could be found, that would fit her. In vain did we ransack every shop in Copenhagen: one pair was too large, and another was too small; *this* made her walk as if she had a wooden leg, and *that* in a few minutes produced corns as big as pumpkins! All were at a loss to account for so strange a circumstance, but no one doubted, that Feridoun had a finger in the business: such indeed was the fact, for Caramoussal some time after explained the matter as follows. It seems, that it was a condition (though unknown to my brothers and myself) annexed to the possession of our spinniug-wheels, that the children of

those, in whose custody they were kept, should each have some personal perfection, so exquisite, as actually to become a defect; and such was the case with my daughter's foot; with your skin, adorable Moussellina, and with the respective noses of the two Princes of China. It was also decreed, that no cloth should be suffered to touch that particular part without causing extreme pain, except the first piece which should be applied to it. Thus it was, my fair niece, that *you* could only wear one particular shift; that Sapinella could only be fitted with one particular pair of slippers; and that my Chinese nephews could only blow their noses with one particular pocket-handkerchief. I must not, however, omit to mention, that these several articles had the peculiar property of never wearing out, or of requiring washing.

Feridoun discovered this circumstance, and resolved to deprive Sapinella of her slipper. This accomplished, and my daugh-

ter thrown into the greatest perplexity, he next assumed the form of my prime minister, and assured my too credulous Queen, that the sandal-wood chest, which I kept locked so carefully, contained a remedy for her darling's distress. Nay, so artfully did he work upon her maternal feelings, that at length she broke open the mysterious chest. First, she drew forth the ebony spinning-wheel: not conceiving, how this machine could possibly supply her with slippers for Sapinella, she proceeded to search deeper, and in the mean while requested her adviser to be so obliging as to hold the talisman for a moment. Ah! how willingly the traitor complied! No sooner was it in his hands, than he resumed his natural form. Farruknaz screamed with terror and surprize; I heard the cry, and hastening with my daughter to her assistance, beheld for the first time my colossal enemy.

—"King of Denmark," said he, "listen with attention to my commands. This talis-

man was stolen from my father by Mergian-Banou: justly should I punish you for having detained from me so long my paternal inheritance; but in consideration of the passion with which your daughter has inspired me, your offence shall be pardoned, and my enmity converted into friendship, provided the fair Sapinella consents to become my bride."—

The poor Princess was frightened out of her little wits at this proposal: but my wife, who had a natural turn for satire, and was highly incensed at having been over-reached, thought proper to indulge her propensity at the giant's expence. This she did with such success, and rendered Feridoun so irresistibly ludicrous, that in spite of my vexation I laughed, till I was ready to expire. This was highly imprudent in both of us, for the giant could no more command his temper, than I could my muscles, or the Queen her tongue; and suddenly lifting up his left leg, he without any ceremony made..... (you need not

put up your fans, ladies,)..... he suddenly made a nail as big as a scymitar issue from his great toe, with which tremendous instrument, when I was in the very midst of a horse-laugh, he gave my mouth such a slicer, that he slit it completely from ear to ear: then grasping my wife by the nape of her neck, he rose with her into the air; where (horrible to tell!) we saw him with his enormous nail cut her up as dexterously, as the most expert butcher could have done a calf. This done, he hurled her limbs to different quarters of the globe, a leg one way, and an arm another; while the blood flowed from them in such quantities, that it tinged the waters on which it fell, and has caused that part of the ocean to be called ever since by the name of the Red Sea.

This horrible scene performed, the Genius re-descended to inform us, that he would return on that day twelve-month; when, if my daughter still refused his hand, he would inflict on us the most exemplary punish-

ment. He added, that to teach me better manners than to laugh at people before their faces, my mouth should never return to its original size, till I had found another of the same dimensions; and having said this, he disappeared with the fatal spinning-wheel.

For some time I could do nothing but lament my wife, who had not a single fault in her whole composition, except having a passion for satire and a pair of bandy legs"—(at this remark from the King, the white arms were observed to turn the wheel with incredible velocity; but Fortimbrass did not notice this circumstance. He proceeded,)—"When my grief was somewhat abated, I hastened in search of the silver bell, which would summon Caramoussal to my assistance, and which till then I had neglected. What was my despair at learning, that the Queen, being ignorant of its secret qualities, and thinking it old-fashioned, had caused it to be melted down, and converted into a butter-boat for her own use! I was near

losing my senses at this discovery; and Sapinella really lost hers, not only through fear of the Genius, but from pain at walking unshod with feet so delicate. The shoemakers endeavoured to fit her in vain; and as at first I ascribed their failure to their aukwardness, in a moment of passion I happened to hang two or three of the poor devils, for which, however, I was afterwards very sorry. At length I judged it best to publish in every foreign kingdom as well as my own, that whoever could produce a shoe that would fit Sapinella, or a mouth as large as my own, should espouse the Princess, and be heir to my dominions. These ambassadors were ordered, on pain of death, never again to set foot in Denmark, till they had succeeded in their search: while on the other hand, a messenger, whom I dispatched to Caramoussal's residence on Mount Atlas, was commanded to return with all possible speed.

He was but ust in time: a single day

only was wanting to complete the year, when Caramoussal arrived. Before I had time to request it, he promised me his protection, at the same time assuring me, that till my messenger's arrival he had been ignorant of my distress, having trusted to my ringing the silver bell. He also comforted me with the prospect of ultimate happiness and tranquillity; but added, that for the present he could not prevent Feridoun from inflicting the most cruel calamities both upon myself and my daughter. He likewise made known to me Tarif-Eldin's adventures, whose servitude to the Genius was at length expired, and whom he had just left upon Mount Atlas. He concluded by lamenting the increase of Feridoun's power, who had obtained possession of another spinning-wheel by practising the same artifice, by which he had deprived Sapinella of her slipper, upon the Princess of Astracan, who had lately been robbed of her single shift."—

—"Alas! he told you but too true!" ex-

claimed Moussellina, in this part of her uncle's narrative; "assuming the form of my nurse, he persuaded me, that he could easily spin me a proper piece of cambric, provided he were furnished with the ebony wheel, so carefully locked up in my mother's closet. I gave it into his hands, and he vanished with it instantly. This it was, which, upon hearing of the arrival of Feridoun's wife, put it into my head, that she might possibly have got my shift; and I made bold to take up the corner of hers, in order to examine the mark, for which liberty, I beg her ten thousand pardons."—

Chrystallina received this apology very graciously, but requested the Princess to suffer Fortimbrass to proceed with his history, being extremely curious to hear its conclusion. I now began to suspect, that I was spinning a shift for the lovely Moussellina; and feeling for the aukwardness of her highness's situation, I redoubled my dili

gence, while Fortimbrass proceeded as follows.

—"Caramoussal now summoned my daughter. Great was her surprize and grief at learning, that the handsome stranger was no other than the Prince of Ophir, and at being reminded of her imprudent oath. The Enchanter also took this opportunity of reading her a lecture upon swearing; assuring her, that no oaths were proper in a young lady's mouth stronger than—"Bless my heart!"—"Ods-fish!"—or at most—"By the living jingo!"—He was still holding forth upon this topic, when the Genius arrived.

Greatly was he displeased at Caramoussal's presence, whose skill in astrology and possession of the third talisman, rendered him a formidable antagonist. My brother perceived, and made use of his confusion, to bring him to some reasonable treaty, and after much parley the following conditions were settled between the Enchanters. Sapinella was doomed to reside upon Mount

Atlas, under a form the most frightful, till some Prince of the name of Facardin should arrive there, and either accept her hand at first sight, or devour Feridoun's left leg raw, before the Genius was able to prevent him: but if no such event took place during twenty years, she was then to become Feridoun's undisputed property. My sentence was to wear the form of some animal, and the only indulgence granted me was the choice, what particular animal it should be. It was, however, stipulated by Caramoussal, that if by any means I could manage to draw blood from my enemy, I should instantly resume my natural shape. With regard to Tarif-Eldin, it was enacted, that he should never leave off crowing till a cock could be found, whose powers of flying were as extraordinary, as those with which the Genius (in order to enlarge the sphere of his amusements) had endowed the unfortunate Emperor. On the other hand, Feridoun was allowed free admission to Caramoussal's

grotto, in order that he might entertain no doubts of Sapinella's performing strictly the articles of the treaty: but so far was he from being permitted to take any advantage of these interviews, that he was even forbidden to press the tip of her little finger. These conditions being agreed to, the giant disappeared to our very great satisfaction.

As a clause in the treaty forbade my residing with my daughter, my brother advised my taking up my abode in the isle of lions, under the form of one of those animals. This island being close to Mount Atlas, I could then receive the earliest intelligence of any change in my daughter's situation; and he promised, that she should meet me at the mountain's foot every evening, when, during a full hour, she should enjoy her natural shape. He next comforted my daughter with the assurance, that the twenty years of enchantment should not be reckoned in her life, and that when the charm should be dissolved, she should still find herself in all the bloom

and beauty of sixteen. Then taking an affectionate farewell, he transported her to the top of Mount Atlas, and I immediately found myself upon all fours in the isle of lions.

Every evening I swam to the opposite shore, where Caramoussal failed not to conduct my daughter and the imperial cock. In these visits I learned many particulars, of which I was till then ignorant. It seems, Caramoussal's books had taught him, that the bending of the famous bow of Ulysses would ascertain the person destined to disenchant my daughter. This was also no secret to Feridoun, but fortunately the bow was already in my brother's possession. Caramoussal also informed me, that he daily expected a Prince to arrive at Mount Atlas, on whom he placed his strongest hopes of reversing Feridoun's spells; and that though my unhappy Queen had (it's true) been chopped in pieces, yet consideration for his future mother-in-law had induced Feridoun to preserve her in existence. He should,

therefore, immediately dispatch an emissary to collect her scattered but still animated limbs, and he doubted not his being able to stitch them together again so cleverly with a needle and thread, that the nicest eye should be unable to detect the deception. Her hands and arms (he had the pleasure to assure me) were already in his possession; and as she was extremely proud of their beauty, he had gratified her innocent vanity by cutting two holes in the door of his grotto, through which she never failed to pass her arms on the arrival of any stranger. She generally affected to be turning the handle of the spinning-wheel; and by this device she contrived to secure the stranger's admiration of her alabaster hands, without being mortified by his discovering, that the rest of her person was running wild about the universe. Accordingly, she frequently profited by this amusement, and Sapinella, having no better means of passing her time, occasionally beguiled her *ennui* by the same occupation.

These conversations lasted during an hour; after which Sapinella regained the summit of Mount Atlas, while I swam back to the isle of lions.

Near a year elapsed, and though many persons had attempted it, the bow of Ulysses remained unbent. At length the day arrived, when the annual hunting-match was accustomed to take place. You must undoubtedly have heard of this singular festival, whose novelty excited in me no small degree of expectation: and I was pleased with the opportunity of ascertaining, whether animals on four legs receive as much pleasure from being hunted, as animals upon two legs receive from hunting them; a point, which had always appeared to me somewhat questionable. On the appointed morning, I failed not to be at the sea-shore, where about seven hundred of my companions were already assembled. As I was evidently a stranger, they very politely insisted on my taking the command, and

would not hear of a refusal, though I protested that I should be perfectly contented with a cornetcy, or at most with a troop. But I soon found, that in heading such forces, but little honor could be gained: no sooner was a cock heard to crow, than they fled in confusion, fell into the nets of the hunters, and I soon saw eleven landed on the opposite shore.

One was still wanting to complete the usual number. Heaven and earth! how great was my joy, when I recognized in the warrior, who remained after his companions for the purpose of taking the twelfth lion, the very person, who (as Caramoussal had assured me) was most likely to effect my daughter's deliverance. I flew to meet him, intending to discover myself, and request him to proceed to Mount Atlas without a moment's delay. But my kind intentions were frustrated. Seeing me run towards him open-mouthed, he very naturally concluded, that I meant to make a

dinner of him; and under this persuasion, he attacked me so furiously, that I was obliged to return his blows in my own defence. Still I endeavoured to make him aware of his mistake; but the cock kept crowing so loud, and his female companion exerted her lungs so successfully, that the knight could not possibly hear a word that I said to him. At length being quite out of patience, I just gave him a scratch, which (I thought) would disable him from fighting for the present, and in order to stop the noise a little, I made bold to swallow the cock at a mouthful. I then returned to my antagonist; but without attending to the signs, by which I strove to express that I had something to say to him, he very uncivilly chopped off my left paw. Anguish deprived me of my senses, and I had only time to pronounce his name, before I fainted away. During my swoon, Caramoussal (who, to do him justice, never discovered any danger till it

was too late to prevent it) conveyed me to his grotto, fixed on my severed hand with an excellent salve of our mother's own composition, and I had the satisfaction of seeing it once more united to my arm. However, I long felt the effects of the wound, and (as you see) I am still obliged to carry my arm in a sling.

While loss of blood still confined me to my bed, Facardin, Prince of Ophir, arrived at the grotto, bent the bow of Ulysses, and finding my daughter in her horrible metamorphosis, he positively rejected the offer of her hand. He also despised her advice, not to drink from a certain enchanted fountain; the consequence was, that his heart immediately became inflammable at the sight of every female, while on the other hand, so singular a change took place in his person, as in the eyes of every female rendered him unavoidably an object of ridicule and disgust. Very different, therefore, were the impressions produced

upon them, by a second interview. Sapinella had resumed her original form, and the Prince was struck with admiration at her beauty; while she on the other hand could only look upon him with the most violent aversion. Aware, however, that on him depended her strongest hopes of deliverance, and also that during their temporary separation, he had vanquished Feridoun in single combat, and had actually cut off the fatal leg, she endeavoured to soften the severity of her countenance, and encouraged her lover with smiles to persevere in the adventure. The leg was served up to him; he was persuaded to begin upon it; he had already swallowed several slices, and all was going on in the most prosperous manner imaginable, when Sapinella felt, that her single hour of beauty was elapsed. Shocked at the thought of being recognized for the woman, whose deformity had already excited in him such strong sentiments of disgust, she thought it best to make her es-

cape, before the transformation could take place, and leave the Prince to finish his nauseous meal by himself. Most unfortunate were the consequences of her ill-timed vanity. Seeing her run away, the Prince thought proper to run after her; Feridoun seized his mysterious leg, clapped it on again, and with it resumed all his former power. He then raised a whirlwind, which rolled Facardin from the top of the mountain to the bottom, and thus concluded an adventure, on which we had so long grounded our strongest expectations.

They say, and very truly, that misfortunes never come single. It was soon discovered, that during the confusion occasioned by the Prince of Ophir's visit, our enemy had contrived to carry off the Ulyssean bow. This loss almost deprived the poor Astronomer of the little wits, which Heaven had vouchsafed to grant him. This weapon was absolutely necessary for Sapinella's deliverance, and to recover it at any

rate was an indispensable duty—Fortunately, the Prince of Fez (to whom Feridoun entrusted it, thinking my brother less likely to discover the place of its concealment when in the possession of a stranger, than to regain it while under his own care) disobeyed the command of never unlocking the chest, in which it was deposited. It was opened: as luck would have it, the imperial cock (whom Caramoussal had dispatched in search of the bow) was at that moment hovering over the palace-gardens of Serendip. Instantly, he darted down, carried off the bow, and it is the very same which you now see in my possession.

No sooner was I recovered from my wound, than Feridoun insisted upon my re-commencing beast, and out of pure spite and ill-nature transported me to that part of the globe, which is at the greatest distance from Mount Atlas. Most gladly would I have returned thither; but I was ignorant of the way, and had no book of the

roads. My joy, therefore, was boundless, when the King of Astracan happened to send me under the form of an Ourang Outang, in common with many others of my species, as a present to Caramoussal. Feridoun's spells had prevented that Enchanter from knowing what was become of me; he could only discover, that after alternately assuming the appearances of an hippotamus, an armadillo, and a tortoise-shell cat, I had at length determined upon remaining a monkey for the rest of my bestial existence; in consequence of which, he gave all who wished to consult him, to understand, that a present of those animals would be the most certain means of conciliating his protection; and he trusted that, I should one day or other be included in the number of those transmitted to him.

That confidence at length proved well-founded; I reached the grotto, and with some difficulty Feridoun was prevailed upon to permit my residing upon Mount Atlas,

as also to resume my original form during a whole day; it was that, on which the ambassadors from Astracan had their audience of Caramoussal. They had been very polite to me on the road; and I was fortunate enough to return their civilities on their way back again, by rescuing them from two or three hundred lions (I forget the exact number) who had the impertinence to make a party to breakfast upon the ill-fated Ambassadors: But the lions soon found, that there went two words to that bargain. Aware of their intention, my brother dispatched me to the scene of action, and being armed with the Ulyssean bow (which since the Prince of Ophir's success it required no great strength to use) I easily defeated the assailants and rescued my friends.

My time on Mount Atlas passed very quietly and very dully till the other morning, when my brother accosted me with a joyful countenance.

—" I have at length," said he, " discovered a remedy for all our misfortunes. Hasten to the Princess of Astracan; with her you will find Feridoun, under the form of a matron. While he is off his guard, take an opportunity to draw blood from him, and your original shape will be immediately restored. Leave Sapinella's destiny to my care; the emperor will immediately transport you into Moussellina's presence; mount him, and away!"—

I obeyed; Sapinella obtained permission to accompany me hither for the sake of a little air and exercise. Of what followed, my dear niece, you have been an eye-witness; nor will you be surprized at the emotion produced in my bosom on beholding these beautiful white arms, when I mention, that I doubt not their having formerly been the property of my beloved and imprudent consort."—

With another flood of tears, Fortimbrass here concluded his affecting narrative. The

evening being far advanced, the Princess gave over work. Instantly the beautiful arms disappeared with the third spinning-wheel; the two first were again committed to my custody. Fortimbrass embraced his neice; she courtesied, we bowed, and the assembly broke up in good order.

For my part, I followed the brother Facardins to their apartment, expecting to be as agreeably entertained with the history of the second, as I had been with that of the first. Great, therefore, was my disappointment, when on my requesting him to relate his adventures, he assured me, that except those in the chrystal island, he had never met with any thing extraordinary in the whole course of his life.

—"What," cried I, "have you really reached the age of one-and twenty without having once been turned into a blue bear or a china tea-pot? Are you really unlucky enough never to have seen so much as

a single kingdom transformed into a fish-pond? never to have destroyed a single black giant or fiery dragon, nor rescued from some sorcerer's den, two or three dozen of bewitched queens and metamorphosed Princesses? The most extraordinary thing that I ever heard of!—Why, what can you have been doing all this while?"—

—"Just what other people do," answered he; "I ate and drank a good deal, made love occasionally, said little, thought less, and yawned immoderately. I was educated in Cappadocia; it is a damned stupid country: the King of it was my guardian; he was a damned stupid old fellow. I thought books a bore, and regularly played truant; my tutor as regularly chastised me, and I thought flogging a greater bore than books. I set out on my travels, bought an easy palanquin, and made the tour of Asia with my eyes shut, I next prepared to pay Africa a similar visit. I embarked on board a felucca; my hammock was a very good

one, and I slept there very comfortably. Unluckily, a violent storm woke me from a sound nap; I yawned, rubbed my eyes, and was drowned; I thought this the greatest bore of all. The rest you know, and I shall only add, that Moussellina has made an impression on my heart so forcible, that....."—

He accompanied his love confession with so hearty a yawn, that it produced an instantaneous drowsiness upon his hearers. We parted for the night, and scarcely had I thrown myself on my couch, before I fell into a profound slumber: I was not long permitted to enjoy it.

Midnight was already past. The day appointed for the laughing contest, that day, so long, so earnestly expected; that day, pregnant with Moussellina's fate and with the conclusion of so many wonderful events; that day was now already an hour old."—

—"I am glad of it, with all my heart and soul," cried Schahriar, rubbing his

hands, " now then we shall hear, whether the Queen of Denmark got tacked together again; who succeeded in killing the crocodile, and making the Princess laugh; what became of the monkey and his daughter, and how Moussellina almost jumped out of her skin, for joy at getting a shift next to it. Tell away, my good friend! I die to know, what happened on that important morning."—

—" Since your Majesty," resumed Trebizonde, " is so anxious to know the whole affair, I hasten to inform you without losing a moment, that I am quite ignorant of every particular."—

—" The devil you are!" exclaimed the Sultan, jumping bolt upright in his bed.

—" It is but too true!" rejoined Facardin; " an extraordinary accident on that very morning compelled me to quit the tents of Astracan.

Your Majesty may remember, that in order to possess the spinning-wheels, it was

necessary to obtain them voluntarily from some female hand. To regain these treasures, Feridoun had craftily enough addrest himself to Chrystallina. Perceiving that her passion for the tall Facardin (for thus is he best distinguished) had revived, he promised to make her Empress of China, and (waving his own claim to her hand) to unite her to the object of her choice, provided she would steal the talismans from my charge, and put them once more in his power. To make this proposal, was his motive for visiting Moussellina's tent that evening. Chrystallina had observed with much displeasure the glances, which past between the Princess and her former admirer. Love, jealousy, revenge, and above all curiosity to know whether Facardin was much changed since their parting, all these motives made her eagerly embrace Feridoun's offers.

Accordingly during my absence she concealed herself in my chamber; and scarcely was I asleep, before the wheels were in her

possession. Now then her business was to leave the tent as quickly as possible; but she could not resist her curiosity to know, whether I usually slept upon my back or on one side. For this purpose, she deposited the talismans on the ground, took the night-lamp, and softly approached my couch. As she leaned over me, a drop of burning oil fell on my shoulder. A cry of pain convinced the intruder, that I was disturbed; and hastily dropping the lamp, she caught up the spinning-wheels, and fled from the chamber. She fled not unpursued; the importance of my loss flashed upon my mind instantly; I started from my couch, and followed her....."—

—"Without dressing yourself?" exclaimed Dinarzade; "oh! monstrous! No wonder, that Chrystallina ran away; in such a situation I should have out-stripped the winds in swiftness, nor would ever have forgiven you for not staying at least to slip on a bed-gown."—

—" Fair Dinarzade," replied the Prince smiling, " your extreme delicacy has taken the alarm without reason. I certainly was not in full dress; still my appearance was by no means so terrible, as your lively fancy pictures it, as from infancy I have been accustomed to sleep in a waistcoat and drawers of rose-coloured taffeta."—

—" And a very silly custom too!" observed Dinarzade pettishly.

—" I had very strong reasons for adopting it," answered Facardin, " but which I cannot explain to you at present. Perhaps, a time may come, when..... but I proceed with my story, which now approaches its conclusion. I pursued the thief so swiftly, that I overtook her at the entrance of the tent; there Feridoun was waiting for her; but before she could deliver the talismans into his hands, I fortunately seized, and pulled her back again by the tail of her shift. To obtain the wheels from her against her consent, I well knew to be impossible. All

that I could do was to prevent her giving them to the Genius; this I for some time effected by contriving, whenever he put himself in her way, to whisk her suddenly round to the other side: till Feridoun losing all patience, muttered a few unintelligible words, and twisting his hand in Chrystallina's long tresses, (which a gust of wind happened to bring within his reach,) he sprang with her into the air; and as I persisted in detaining her by the aforesaid cambric, away we all three flew together, to the infinite surprize and terror of a numerous audience, attracted by the noise of our dispute.

Chrystallina screamed so loud, that it was quite a wonder; nor was *I* by any means pleased to find myself hanging in mid-air by so ticklish a dependence as the tail of a lady's shift. However, I did not retain this situation long. The Genius, having as little taste for my society as I had for his, drew a large pair of sheers from his girdle, snipped

off the piece of linen by which I was holding, and restored me to the earth with the greatest possible expedition. Down I came, tumbling head over heels; but long before I reached Terra firma, I had completely lost my senses.

On their return, I was not a little surprized to find myself on a sopha in my own palace at Trebizonde. A venerable man was standing near me, in whom I instantly recognized the admirable Caramoussal."—

—"Recognized him?" repeated the Sultan; "why, had you ever seen him before?"—

—"Frequently," answered Facardin; "but having been enjoined by him never to reveal what has past between us, in this narrative of my adventures I have carefully avoided touching upon those, which relate to the Enchanter. Suffice it to say, that I was not surprized to hear, that I was indebted to his care for my late escape from destruction. He also informed me, that he had at length

discovered the only certain means for concluding the misfortunes of his family, and he gave me full instructions as to the part, which I was destined to perform. In the execution of it I have been engaged ever since. Our plot succeeds. Feridoun is our dupe completely; his power will soon be at an end, and I shall then relate to your majesty, by what means Caramoussal has attained his object. At present, you must excuse my not saying a syllable more upon the subject, and I have now the honour to leave you at the end of my story, as much in the dark as you were at the beginning."—

The Prince was silent; surprize at the abrupt conclusion of his history for some moments compelled his hearers to follow his example, but Schahriar at length recovered himself.

—" And so," said he, in an angry voice, " and so you really mean to leave your story unfinished? Now, my worthy friend, have the goodness to listen to *me* for a few mo-

ments. If you don't instantly and on the spot relate every tittle that has passed between you and that old he-witch Caramoussal, as I'm a sultan and a sinner, I'll treat you no better than if you were my wife! and if you refuse to conclude your adventures yourself, never may I speak again, if I don't do it for you with two yards and a half of whip-chord: now that's flat!"—and at the same time clapping his hands, he called the guard of black eunuchs into the chamber.

—"Though your threats cannot alarm me," replied the Prince, "my anxiety to gratify your majesty induces me to relate every circumstance, which I can possibly disclose with safety. Know then, that since my return to your majesty's dominions, no sooner does the clock point to midnight than.... hark! it strikes at this moment!"—and at the same instant a loud burst of thunder shook the room, a bright flame envelloped Facardin, and he instantly vanished from the eyes of the astonished spectators.

Before they were perfectly recovered from their surprize at this unexpected incident, the door of the royal apartment was suddenly thrown open, and the Lord Chamberlain entering in the greatest hurry and confusion, put the following letter into the Sultan's hands:

—" Caramoussal, Lord of Mount Atlas, presents his best compliments to the Sultan and Sultaness of the Indies, and informs them, that if not inconvenient, the King and Queen of Denmark, the Kings of Astracan and Ophir, Zemin Prince of Fez, and the Emperor of China with his two sons, intend having the honour of breakfasting with their sublime Majesties."—

Great was the joy of Schahriar and the two beautiful sisters at this promised visit of such illustrious and extraordinary personages. They were expected every moment, and therefore no time was to be lost in preparing for their reception. The news spread

through the palace like wild-fire, and never was there such an uproar known in it, since the peculiar taste of the first Sultaness was discovered. In five minutes all was noise and bustle, and confusion: every body was conscious, that on this important occasion a great deal was to be done, and every body had so much to do, that nobody did anything. Servants ran here and there, backwards and forwards, without knowing of what they were in search: lords and ladies were seen flying about in all directions, some full-drest, some half-drest, some not drest at all: whoever wanted one thing, was sure to get another; Scherazade asked for a wash-ball, and they brought her a chaffing-dish of charcoal; and when the Grand-Vizir called for his court-going slippers, they crammed his mouth with a buttered muffin.

In spite of all these accidents, the royal family made so much expedition that they were ready before the centinels (who were stationed on the loftiest towers) announced the approach of a numerous and brilliant

cavalcade. Soon after, the expected guests entered the palace, and were received in a manner suitable to their distinguished rank. After many compliments had past on both sides, than which nothing could be more polite or less to the purpose, the whole company partook of an entertainment truly magnificent, and served up in the very best taste. Dinarzade paid particular attention to the appearance of the Queen of Denmark: her beauty she could not question; but she whispered her sister—"that the poor woman had been very clumsily sewed together, and that she plainly discovered a seam, where the taylor had stitched her nose on."—She also occasionally touched upon the subject of crooked legs, at the same time taking care to convince the company, that her own were straight; nor could all Scherazade's frowns prevent her from declaring aloud, that—"long petticoats were like charity, and frequently covered a multitude of defects."—Lukily, the Queen of

Denmark was too well pleased at finding herself all of a piece again, to suffer these hints to ruffle her temper, and the repast was finished in undisturbed harmony.

And now it was, that Schahriar requested to be informed, to what occasion he was indebted for the honour of this visit, and what adventures had taken place, since the Prince of Trebizonde's departure from the tents of Astracan. Great was his surprize and pleasure, when Fortimbrass assured him, that the Princes of China were no other than the brother Facardins, of whom he had already heard so much; and Facardin of the Grotto being unanimously requested to satisfy the Sultan's curiosity, he readily complied and commenced as follows.

Continuation of the History of FACARDIN OF THE GROTTO.

It is needless to inform you (and therefore following the example of the best historians, I shall not fail to relate it) that the sudden elopement of Trebizonde and his fair companion occasioned no slight surprize and sorrow. As for Moussellina, she was inconsolable for the loss of her spinning-wheel, and became more grave than ever, which was a great discouragement to her illustrious admirers. My brother and myself did our best to comfort the Princess, to whom we were presented next day as relations by our good uncle, the King of Denmark."—

—"The King your uncle?" interrupted Schahriar; "oh! aye! very true! But pray, my dear sir, how did you find out this connexion?"—

—"By my nose," answered Facardin of the Grotto.

—"Your nose?" repeated the astonished Sultan: "what then, did you know your uncle by his smell? Or perhaps you only mean, that you smelt out the secret?"—

—"By no means," said Facardin; "the fact is, that the secret lay hid in my pocket-handkerchief. Caramoussal informs me, that you have heard from the Prince of Trebizonde, all that passed in the tents of Astracan previous to that Prince's departure. Doubtless, you must remember, that Fortimbrass mentioned in his history, that his nephews, the two Princes of China, had their noses formed of so delicate a texture, as only to permit their using a particular pocket-handkerchief. The truth flashed upon me, the very first time that I blew my nose after hearing this remark; and my brother's nostrils proving to be endowed with a similar sensibility, we boldly claimed kindred with Fortimbrass on the succeeding

day. He heard us with attention, recognized our pocket-handkerchiefs to have once been his mother's (indeed, they were still marked with an M. B. at the corners,) and instantly acknowledged us for his nephews in the most gracious manner possible.

The hour appointed for the merry contest arrived. Though my heart was devoted to another, I still entered my name upon the list of Moussellina's admirers, being resolved (in case of success) to resign my claim in favour of my brother, upon whom she had made a most forcible impression. The Princess took her place; the lots were drawn, and each, as his name was called, advanced to attack Moussellina's risible muscles. Several had already failed; at length my name was pronounced, and I was on the point of obeying the summons, when I stopped on hearing the sound of a trumpet. The croud opened to the right and left, and our assembly was augmented by the arrival of the King of Ophir."—

—"I beg ten thousand pardons!" said Scherazade; "but pray, is that the gentleman?"—

—"The very same," replied Facardin; "by the death of his father, he is now in possession of the crown of Ophir."—

—"Then let me beg," she continued, "that before you go any further, we may hear what happened to him in Denmark."—

—"Nothing of consequence," replied the King of Ophir very politely. "On my arrival at court, I found, that the King, Queen, and Princess had all disappeared; that the Prime Minister had usurped the crown; and what was worse than all, that the Danish ladies have the largest splay-feet in the universe."—

—"Especially those whose legs are bandy!" said Dinarzade; but the Sultan, clapping his hand before her mouth, prevented her observation from being heard. The King of Ophir proceeded.

—"Having sought in vain for a foot, that

would fit my adorable slipper, I quitted Denmark, and soon after encountered the Prince of Trebizonde! after having had the misfortune to meet with the King of Astracan's orchestra, (whose taste in music I must, however, confess to be truly original,) I wandered from place to place, occasionally knocking a few giants on the head, and now and then killing a stray dragon or two; but nothing unusual happened to me, till I reached the presence of Moussellina. Here as I performed a principal part, and as modesty forbids my relating my exploits myself, I must request the Prince of China to resume his narrative."—

Facardin of the Grotto complied in the following terms.

—"Moussellina rose from her throne, and advanced to welcome her royal visitor. No sooner did the king behold her, than his heart (that heart so easily inflamed!) became the captive of her eyes. His passion was too violent to be concealed for a moment: throw-

ing himself at her feet, and seizing her ivory hand—" Angel! Goddess! Houri!" he exclaimed; " why have you left your celestial abode to blind with the radiance of your beauty. . . . "—But I need not repeat the amorous rhapsody with which he favoured us, for his words were soon drowned in an universal shout of astonishment. Conceive our feelings, magnanimous Schahriar! no sooner did the kneeling monarch commence his love-declaration than his chin began to lengthen, and before he had reached the end of his first sentence, its extent was truly wonderful and tremendous. At the same time an infinite number of little horns sprouted from every part of it, variegated with all the colours of the rainbow.

Heedless of this circumstance, the king still continued to declare his passion, and still his chin continued to increase its dimensions; till stretching itself quite across the tent, it fairly lodged itself within the wide-extended jaws of Fortimbrass, who unluckily stood op-

posite to him, gazing at this unaccountable phenomenon. No sooner did the King of Denmark find his mouth so unexpectedly invaded, than he hastily retreated, but in vain. The further that he retired, the longer the chin grew, nor could he fly half so fast, as his persecutor followed. By this time the tip of this preposterous feature had actually found its way into his throat; the horns tickled him terribly; and as it did not yet seem to have reached its full growth, he began to entertain serious apprehensions of being spitted upon his neighbour's chin like a woodcock. Greatly alarmed, he tried every imaginable means to effect his escape; and you will easily conceive that the postures into which he threw himself for this purpose, afforded no less mirth to the spectators, than his persecutor's perseverance in pleading his passion (apparently quite unconscious, or quite careless, as to what his chin was about) excited surprise. But greatly was that surprise increased, when

overcome by her uncle's ridiculous distress, by the strange and grotesque contortions of his monstrous mouth, and (above all) by the singularity of her admirer's making love with his chin in another man's stomach, Moussellina for the first time in her life burst into a violent fit of laughter, and threw herself back in her elbow-chair to indulge her merriment at her ease!

Fortimbrass could endure his situation no longer. Finding himself the jest of the whole assembly, and alarmed at the length of this embarrassing adventure (to which he literally could see no end) he suddenly gnashed his teeth together, snapped off a great piece of the intruding chin, and then unclosing his monstrous jaws, he spit out at the least three yards and a quarter. Instantly, the remainder of the stranger's chin shrunk to its natural size; no blood issued from the wound, nor was there any vestige of the bite. On the contrary, the King of Ophir seemed to awaken as from

a dream. He gazed around him with a look of astonishment, rose hastily from his knees, and after examining Moussellina with an indifferent air, he made her a cold bow and retired from the circle.

As if willing to make up for lost time, the Princess laughed for three quarters of an hour without ceasing; then suddenly recollecting herself, she burst into tears, and cried for three quarters of an hour more. She had imbibed a sincere affection for my brother, and could not reflect without inexpressible sorrow, that her mirth had made her the property of the King of Ophir. Her grief was shared by her disappointed admirers: universal, therefore, was the satisfaction, when the King of Ophir advanced and addrest her as follows.

—"Weep not, fair Princess, nor suspect me of wishing to force your affections by insisting on a claim, whose nature I consider as degrading both to you and to myself. Never will I gain my Bride by the

talent of making myself ridiculous; and when I marry, I hope to owe the heart of my mistress to the strength of my attachment, not to the length of my chin! but before I proceed, let me thank your illustrious uncle for the service which he has rendered me, in snapping off a part of that preposterous feature. Doubtless, the enchanted water, which I drank upon Mount Atlas, rendered my heart susceptible of love at the sight of every female, and also increased the dimensions of my chin, whenever I was under the influence of the tender passion! no wonder, that my addresses met with so little success: though I was not aware of it myself, this personal enormity must certainly have rendered me a disgusting object in the eyes of the numerous beauties, at whose feet I have sighed. I now feel, that the spell is broken, which kindled these fictitious flames in my bosom: I feel too, that even your charms, fair Princess, transcendant as they are, cannot

banish the remembrance of the lovely huntress of the grotto! For myself, then, I have only to request, that you will try on this slipper; in return for which condescension, I here renounce my claim to your hand, declaring, that he only whose valour can succeed in killing the crocodile, is worthy the possession of such inestimable beauty."—

A shout of applause followed this generous speech: the rivals eagerly accepted the proposal: but the Prince of Fez (who must blush to hear me mention, that Mousselina's superior charms had made him forget his engagements to the Princess Nour) was particularly delighted; and his head being still full of the fictitious character which he was drest to play, he clapped his false wings and crowed thrice with such precise imitation, that an eagle mistook him for a real cock, and pouncing him in her talons, bore him away with the greatest celerity.

The spectators were petrified with grief and surprize, all but the King of Ophir. Snatching the bow and quiver with which Fortimbrass was furnished, he dispatched an arrow which pierced the robber through and through, and she instantly released her prey. Down tumbled the Prince; all ran, in hopes of catching him; but before he either reached us or the ground, out of the river rushed the enormous crocodile, received him in his jaws, and bolted him, as if he had been an oyster. The monster was now for retreating; but eager to assert his claim to Moussellina, one of her admirers was already prepared to attack him. Alas! he soon followed the unfortunate Zemin: other combatants still succeeded, and were all lodged successively in the same dwelling-house, which appeared to be wonderfully capacious. My brother held out longer than the rest; nor were we quite without hopes of his ultimate success, till the monster suddenly gave him

so terrible a gash with a nail belonging to one of his hinder feet, that he sank on the earth bleeding and insensible. Moussellina screamed and fainted: far different were the emotions of the King of Ophir! His face was instantly flushed with joy; and rushing upon the crocodile, (who was busy in swallowing my brother, and being embarassed by one of the spurs which stuck in his throat, perceived not the approach of this fresh antagonist,) he seized him by the left leg, and chopped it off at a single blow.

A shout of joy applauded the action; but amazement again chained us in silence, when we saw the monarch lift the bleeding member to his mouth, and swallow a large piece of it. With screams of rage the monster pursued him; but being obliged to hop along upon three legs, he overtook him not till the King had fairly devoured every bit of it, except the bone. The great toe formed the last mouthful; and no sooner did it enter the King

of Ophir's lips, than an enormous volume of fire and smoke issued from the crocodile's, who instantly fell lifeless upon the ground.

We ran eagerly and with one consent to inspect the monster; conceive our surprise at discovering him to be composed of nothing but painted pasteboard! That such a machine could have swallowed even so much as Moussellina's shift, not to mention men, women, and children, appeared to us scarcely possible: but the President of the royal Astracanical society proved to us by arguments quite incontrovertible, that it was not only possible, but extremely natural for pasteboard, not merely to swallow, but even to masticate; and he was proceeding to discuss the subject of digestion, if Moussellina's ladies had not begged him in all love not to meddle with that part of the question.

The discussion was interrupted by certain indistinct sounds, issuing from the animal's carcase. Moussellina screamed out

in a fright, that it certainly must proceed from a little brood of sucking pasteboard crocodiles; but unterrified by this idea, the King of Ophir instantly ripped up the belly, and we beheld within it a table elegantly set out, brilliantly illuminated, and surrounded by a numerous company of both sexes.

I need not inform your majesty, that these were no other than the knights and ladies, whom the monster had at different times imprisoned in his capacious maw. You will also suppose, that this discovery greatly increased our satisfaction, and with every moment did fresh sources of joy present themselves. The crocodile's jaws were considerably wider than those of Fortimbrass, and no sooner did the Danish monarch make this remark, than he felt his mouth contract to its natural size: the whole combat having been effected by magical illusion, my brother's wounds existed only in idea,

and now to complete Moussellina's felicity the King of Ophir addrest her as follows.

—" Again, lovely Princess, am I become the arbiter of your destiny; but I shall only use my rights to lay them at your feet. Survey this illustrious assembly; select from it the happy object of your choice, nor do I now despair of obtaining the object of mine. Prince Zemin's aerial expedition makes me hope, that I have found the flying cock: the monstrous nail assures me, that in devouring the crocodile's leg I finished the nauseous meal commenced upon Mount Atlas; and as I have now performed every condition imposed by the fair huntress....."—

—" Except one!" exclaimed a shrill voice in the air, and on looking upwards, we beheld the Matron of Mount Atlas mounted on the beautiful cock, who in a few seconds reached the ground: " you forget, Sir Knight," she continued, " that the pos-

session of your mistress is attached to mine, and out of pure compassion I am now come hither to offer you my hand for the last time."—

A shudder of disgust was the King of Ophir's answer, and he turned away, at the same time covering his face with his hands. Every one was eager to inform him, that the Matron and his fair huntress were one and the same person; but the lady herself prevented us.

—"Why, the man must be crazy!" she resumed; "King of Ophir, cast upon me one look more, and then if you chuse, reject me for ever!"—

Scarcely had she ceased to speak, when in place of the cock and the Matron, we beheld a damsel of admirable beauty, leaning upon the arm of a stranger, whose dress sufficiently announced the Emperor of China. Every one expressed their satisfaction at the disenchantment of these illustrious persons; my father embraced my brother and myself

most affectionately, and Fortimbrass rewarded the King of Ophir's services by presenting him with his daughter's hand; while Moussellina declared her election of my fortunate brother. The hour growing late, the Princess requested Fortimbrass to take charge of the Emperor's accommodations, and insisted on sharing her own apartment with Sapinella.

The assembly now broke up: we all retired in high spirits: alas! of how short duration was our felicity! Suddenly we were alarmed by a loud cry; it issued from the tent, in which we had that moment left the two Princesses, and on turning round, what was our agony at perceiving it rising into the air. By the light of the moon we could distinguish the affrighted ladies, who were tearing their flowing locks and beating their ivory bosoms: the tent continued to ascend, and in a few minutes disappeared entirely.

Our joy was now converted into sor-

row: the two royal brothers tore out their hair by handfuls. As for the King of Ophir, he drew his sword, and protested, that he would not live another moment; and we were too much occupied with our own feelings to prevent him from executing his threats. Luckily, a powerful arm suddenly wrested the weapon from his grasp: it was the arm of no less a personage, than the admirable Caramoussal.

—"Hold, King of Ophir!" said he: "know, that I have wilfully thrown the Princesses into Feridoun's hand, and I trust, that this transient evil will soon produce a lasting good. The loss of his enchanted leg has greatly diminished the power of our foe, and I can now enter the lists with him on equal terms; nay, I can even visit the Chrystal Island unknown to him, and in consequence can at length execute a design, which I have long meditated. In the mean while, let all concerned hasten to the court of India; there will I meet you on the first of April,

and make each happy in the possession of his respective wishes. Yet before we part, let me in one respect at least restore tranquillity to my royal brother of Denmark."—

Thus saying, he drew from beneath his robe the well-known green velvet bag; on opening it, legs, arms, hands, and hips rolled out in promiscuous confusion. The Enchanter arranged them in proper order, took out a needle and thread, stitched the disjointed limbs together, and in less than half an hour, Fortimbrass clasped once more in his arms his lovely consort. This difficult task Caramoussal performed so neatly as to convince us, that his mother had quite mistaken the bent of his genius, and by making him a very indifferent magician, had deprived the world of an admirable taylor.

Caramoussal then disappeared. We obeyed his orders, and have reached your court on the appointed first of April. Doubtless, the Enchanter will soon arrive, and till then

inexpressible will be our impatience for the solution of all these mysteries."—

Facardin of the Grotto was silent. Schahriar returned his thanks, and then inquired of the Prince of Fez—"How he liked his abode in the crocodile's stomach, and whether being eaten was not a very comical sensation?"—

—"The whole of that affair," answered Zemin, "was a mere magical delusion. The crocodile was nothing more than an ingenious machine, whose springs Feridoun understood well how to manage, and whose interior served him as a place of confinement for his prisoners. In making those prisoners, his object was to gain possession of the persons of the four illustrious Facardins, on one of whom (as he had lately discovered) his own destiny in a great measure depended, and events have proved that one to be the King of Ophir. But as he had no particular enmity against them, he always was obliging enough to hurt his captives as little as possi-

ble in swallowing them, and suffered them to want for no accommodation, which the crocodile's stomach could afford. For my own part, I was not a little surprized, when after rolling down the monster's throat, I found myself in a spacious hall, well-lighted, and occupied by a numerous company. Soon afterwards a splendid entertainment was served up; two ladies (whose names I learnt to be Cadiga and Harpiana, ugly as ourang-outangs, but extremely well-bred,) did the honours of the table; and it is but doing the cook justice to say, that I never eat a better dinner. The King of Ophir, however, made us rise in the middle of the first course, and I believe, none of the guests were sorry to find themselves once more in open day-light."—

By this time, evening was at hand: night shut in: still Caramoussal gave no signs of his approach! The illustrious strangers now began to be extremely uneasy. That uneasiness was greatly increased, when Dinarzade,

recollecting the particular month and day, clapped her hands together and declared—"that the Enchanter had certainly sent them all the way to Delhi, for the express purpose of making April fools of them!"—This assertion gained additional credit with every succeeding minute; gradually all became impatient, captious, and ill-tempered; there was no abusive epithet which they did not liberally bestow on the author of this ill-timed joke, and they were on the point of giving up the business in despair, when Fortimbrass exclaimed, that his brother certainly was at hand. In fact, a large ball of fire was discernible in the air, and all hastened into the palace-garden, in order to observe it more distinctly.

It descended with rapidity, and they now beheld a throne apparently formed entirely of clustered diamonds, and supported upon the shoulders of an innumerable quantity of flying tigers, each of whom carried a carbuncle in his mouth by way of a flambeau.

On the throne's summit, in a chair composed of gold and rubies, sat the victorious Caramoussal. At his feet were placed four damsels, magnificently attired, and veiled from head to foot. At the base of the throne, a monstrous one-legged giant lay extended, his hands bound with a strong cord, and his face distorted by fury into such horrible grimaces, that no sooner were Caramoussal and his companions on Terra firma, than the ladies one and all requested to be relieved from so disagreeable a sight. In this request, Schahriar (who at the first glance recognized the Giant of the Ocean, and in consequence trembled in every limb,) joined most heartily. The Enchanter complied; on his muttering a few words, the diamond wall opened, the Giant sank into it, and the throne rising again into the air, soon disappeared with its odious inmate.

Caramoussal having paid his first compliments to the assembly, begged leave to introduce his travelling companions. One

of the damsels had not waited for that ceremony: on her first landing, she threw aside her veil, and hastened to embrace the Prince of Fez.

—"Is it you, charming Nour?" exclaimed Zemin, in whom the sight of her improved charms re-kindled his early affection; "are you then mine once more, and can you forgive my unpardonable inconstancy?"—

—"Reflect on the dangers, to which my curiosity has exposed you," replied Nour, "and you will find, that I too have many pardons to ask. Then let all be forgotten; let me but hold the first place in your heart, and I shall be content to hold only the fourth in beauty."—

Zemin forbore to answer, on perceiving Caramoussal approach with another of the damsels, whose veil he raised.

—"'Tis Moussellina!" exclaimed in one breath her lover and the King of Astracan, and they hastened to receive her.

The third stranger now advanced, and was unveiled in the same manner.

—" 'Tis Sapinella!" cried both Fortimbrass and the King of Ophir, and clasped her alternately to their bosoms.

Every eye was now bent on Caramoussal's fourth companion. Who could she possibly be? The Enchanter led her forward; he lifted her veil, and Facardin of the Grotto beheld with rapture the original of his beloved miniature.

—" Mercy upon me!" screamed out Dinarzade: " let me die, but it's the Prince of Trebizonde!"—

" No, lovely Dinarzade," said the stranger, while with a smile she extended her hand; " were I indeed a Prince, as I once seemed to be, and as you once thought me, my sentiments towards you would be very different. At present, I can only say, that what you so generously bestowed in love upon the Prince Facardin, shall be

most amply returned in friendship by the *Princess Facardina!*"—

Dinarzade blushed not a little at this speech, but the company were too much occupied to notice her confusion. They joined in pressing the Enchanter to unravel this mysterious business, and he gratified them without loss of time.

History of the Enchanter, CARAMOUSSAL.

I shall begin by informing you, that besides her three sons, Mergian-Banou was the mother of a daughter, whom at an early age she gave in marriage to the Prince of Trebizonde, and having done this, she troubled her head no more about her. In truth, Zemira's beauty was no recommendation in the eyes of a mother, who had not withdrawn her own claims

to admiration: but I need not describe my sister, since you behold in her daughter Facardina her living image. It was indeed," continued he, addressing his discourse to Facardin of the Grotto; "it was indeed Zemira's picture, which you, Prince, found on the banks of the river, where it had just been lost by Facardina's secretary. Thus, therefore, is the oracle explained, which gave you so much alarm; and I am happy to announce, that although the original of that miniature never can be yours, you will possess in Facardina her mother's exact counterpart.

My books had informed me, that the ultimate happiness of my family would in a great measure depend upon a Prince born upon a particular day, and who should bear the singular name of Facardin. The day arrived; the Empress of China produced male twins, and the Queen of Astracan a son and a daughter. Now then I was strangely perplexed to find out, which of

these three boys was the Prince in question? I consulted my book in vain; and at length fearing to miss the right one, I desired, that all three might bear the appellation of Facardin. My brother made no difficulty in obliging me; but it seems, the Queen of Astracan, on her death-bed, had made her husband solemnly promise, that her son should be called after his maternal grandfather, and this promise neither prayers no menaces could prevail on him to break. As it was on this boy, that I founded (and that very justly) my strongest expectations, I was obliged to take advantage of a fire in the palace of Astracan, to steal him away, and to commit him to the care of the wise King of Ophir, by whom (under the name of Facardin) he was brought up as his own. But it is now time, that he should resume his original appellation. Receive then from my hands, King of Astracan, a son, whose exploits have already proved him worthy of such a father; nor need you,

lovely Sapinella, hesitate any longer to look upon him as your husband. The stars, indeed, forbade your union with Facardin of Ophir; but (though planetary laws permitted me not to reveal the secret,) know, the lover, who now kneels at your feet is in fact Zalmoreddin, Prince of Astracan.

Two years elapsed, when I received intelligence, that my sister had lost her husband, but was hourly expected to produce an heir to the principality of Trebizonde. I hastened to consult the stars, respecting this unborn infant. I found, that it would be the most beautiful girl in the universe, but that should she ever fall into Feridoun's power, the total destruction of our family would ensue. Instantly, my mother's injunction respecting the three most beautiful Princesses flashed upon my mind! My neice evidently would be one of them, and it struck me, that while I kept her out of his hands, he could not possibly execute his evil designs in their whole extent. This

reflection made me advise my sister to breed up her daughter as a boy; and the more to mislead Feridoun, I bestowed on my infant neice the same name, which I had already given to her cousins. I was obeyed in every particular; though during her visit to the Chrystal Island, Facardina was on the very brink of discovery. Nothing indeed but the terror of the sword which she carried with her into the bath, and with which she solemnly vowed to make the head fly from the shoulders of any one, who should dare to peep at her before she had slipped on her dressing-gown, could have prevented her sex from being ascertained by the prying eyes of Chrystallina's attendants.

As it happened, every thing succeeded to my wish; Facardina's secret was unsuspected; Feridoun, having vainly endeavoured to discover the third Princess, persuaded himself at length, that the fault was in his magic lanthorn, and that the Princess of

Serendip was in fact the person, of whom he had been so long in search. This was what I had expected, and wished. No sooner was he thoroughly possest with this belief, than I suffered him not only to get possession of Moussellina and Sapinella, but even of the third spinning-wheel. Feridoun now reckoned himself secure of victory. He immediately set his fair captives to work; terror obliged them to obey; and he flattered himself, that he should soon be master of the wonderful cord, so long and so ardently desired. But he was not aware that every night, as soon as he retired to rest, I transported Facardina to the Chrystal Island, where she occupied the place of Nour at the third wheel. An enchanted water rendered sleep unnecessary for the Princesses; the cord spun during the Giant's sleep, was regularly put into my hands at day-break; and when Feridoun entered the room, he found his three fair captives busy at their work, and every thing in perfect order.

Last night saw their magic labours completed. The important cord was of a length sufficient to reach from the summit of Mount Atlas to the surface of the sea; and so well was I pleased at receiving the last yard, that I could not restrain a shout of joy. It alarmed Feridoun, who hastened to learn the cause, and great was his surprize, when on entering the chamber, he beheld me seated there. Snatching the unfinished rope from the hands of Nour, he suddenly threw it round me, and attempted to bind my arms; but I burst the flimsy bond with the utmost ease, and then throwing round him the real talismanic cord, no sooner did it touch him, than he sank on the ground unable to resist. I then transformed the Chrystal Island into a moveable throne, bound my vanquished enemy at its foot, and hastened hither with my beautiful companions.

I must just mention, that when Feridoun seized upon the Empire of China, I thought it prudent to conceal my two nephews from

his wrath, the one in the grotto of a Chinese mandarin, the other at the court of the King of Cappadocia. I believe, I have now cleared up every thing, that was at all mysterious. However, should any part of these adventures still appear unintelligible, the company must ascribe it entirely to their own want of comprehension, and not to any defect in my narrative."—

The joy which now prevailed through the assembly, could only be equalled by that of my readers at reaching the end of this long-winded history. The four marriages were celebrated next morning; and Facardina's secretary, as well as the worthy old Fi-fum-foam-fim, luckily arrived just in time for the ceremony. As to Dinarzade, she married Caramoussal.

So great was the happiness of these new-wedded couples, that nothing was left for them to wish, except that their situation might never alter. To prevent this, the Enchanter raised a magnificent structure on the

summit of Mount Atlas, where every thing was to be found that could delight the senses, or interest the heart. An ever-flowing stream of that precious water, which had so long preserved to Mergian-Banou the blessings of beauty and youth, meandered through the garden; and a talisman, fixed over the principal gate, forbade the approach of Satiety. Thither Caramoussal transported the whole company (except the Sultan and his family) then assembled in Schahriar's palace: there they fixed their abode never to leave it, and there, I doubt not, they continue to reside: at least I never heard any thing to the contrary.

Farewell, gentle reader, and good-night; may you sleep soundly, and dream pleasantly. If you are a bachelor, make haste to get well-married; if you are already a husband, waste not your wife's time and your own at night in listening to childish stories like Schahriar.

FINIS.

OBERON'S HENCHMAN;

OR,

The Legend of

THE THREE SISTERS.

INSCRIBED

To the Rt. Hon. LADY DOUGLAS.

—"Hence, ye profane! I feel a former dread;
A thousand visions float around my head!
See! moats and bridges, walls and castles rise!
Ghosts, fairies, dæmons, dance before my eyes."—

CRABBE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

On opposite banks of the Clyde, in Lanerkshire, North Britain, are situated the remains of Bothwell-Castle, and of Blantyre Priory. There too are still seen three isolated stones, known by the name of "*The Three Sisters.*" Curiosity respecting the cause of their bearing the above appellation, induced a Lady (during my residence at Bothwell-Castle) to address me in the following lines; and it must be unnecessary to inform any reader of taste, that I found it impossible to refuse a request urged in a manner so persuasive and so flattering.

To M. G. LEWIS.

Oh! Laureate of that nether king,
Whose birth-day odes hobgoblins sing!
Toasted by....We'll not whisper whom,
Whene'er a Vampyre quits the tomb!
Consulted....We'll not fancy where,
Whene'er a broomstick wings the air!
Well taught....no matter by what master,
What crimson spirits in the blast are,
What grim-white-woman woods contain,
And what damp devil dwells in rain!
Nor less in whiter magic wise,
Taught by the softest sylph that flies,
All frolic tidings fresh and new
From Oberon's court, or Ariel's crew!

Oh! tell us (for thou sure must know)
Why rise yon crags in mystic row?
Why form they thine own number, *three?*
Why *Sister* termed is each? Why *She?*
In that dark age thy science reaches,
Were these three babes? three queens? three witches?
Three wicked nuns, who veils renounced?
Three fairies by Titania trounced?
Three love-sick maidens drowned in Clyde?
Or three she-thieves to gallows tyed?
Oh! gentle Bard, when pilgrim here is,
Supply some tale to stop his queries,
To force the tender tear, or make
His manly heart within him quake.
Whate'er thy small familiar still
Stowed snug in thine enchanted quill,
Shall prompt of piteous, dire, or dread,
I'll swear—"Just so my Gran'num said!
The facts, by all tradition thundered,
Are gospel held throughout the hundred.
My worthy friend, Matt Lewis, madam,
Took them from me, just as I had 'em;

And (wond'rous, if one did not know him)
Post haste composed this charming poem!"
The poem's *ch rms* a truth confest
Stamp straight authentic all the rest;
And not an F. A. S. disowns
The Legend of the Sister-Stones.

Sept. 22, 1800.

Extracts from the Midsummer's Nights Dream, referred to in the course of this Poem.

—The King doth keep his revels here to night;
Take heed, the Queen come not within his sight,
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely Boy, stolen from an Indian King:
She never had so sweet a changeling!
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:
But she perforce with-holds the loved Boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.

—Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling Boy
To be my Henchman.

Titania.—Set your heart at rest;
The fairy land buys not the child of me.

—When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begged my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child,
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land—
And now I have the Boy.——

To SHAKSPEARE.

Lord of the song! whose locks boon Nature, granting
Her gifts profuse, with sun-like Aureol crowned,
Thy laurelled harp enchanted and enchanting
Ne'er shall my feeble touch presume to sound.
Reverent I pace thy elfin haunts around;
And where my raptured eye thy footstep traces,
With rhymes of power I greet the wizard ground,
But cautious shun those genius-hallowed places,
Where Fancy's wand has showered her wildest loveliest graces.

Flow, Avon, flow, nor dread to hear thy billows
Reverberate notes, which Shakspeare's lute prophane:
Still, silver cygnets, haunt your favourite willows,
No lay of mine shall mar your Poet's strain.

Yet though the mulberry cup no more contain
That precious wine which erst so richly blest it,
Though thin the streams which now its bosom stain,
Still shall this thought with secret charms invest it;
—"Once mighty Shakspeare's self against his full lip
prest it."—

Oh! list my lay!—As soft and sad I breathe it,
As moonlight stealing o'er the summer wave!
Oh! bring my lyre!—Lo! hands unseen enwreathe it
With flowers, and glittering forms in sunshine lave!
Those fairy sweets I strow on Zelim's grave;
And while my verse the love-lorn griefs discloses
Of One, most fond, most true, most fair, most brave,
Clouds of ambrosial sighs, showers of immortal roses
Shall bless the spell-bound sod, where the bright boy
reposes.

Holland House, May 3, 1808.

OBERON'S HENCHMAN;

OR,

The Legend of

THE THREE SISTERS.

BOOK THE FIRST.

—"Mourn, Nature, mourn!"—what shrieks invade the air?
Titania weeps, and rends her radiant hair:
Droops every elf, fades every magic flower,
And Zephyr fans with sighs the immortal bower.

—" Mourn, Nature, mourn!" exclaims the sorrowing Fay!

" In showers of tears, melt, silver clouds, away!
Your emerald light, ye glow-worms, cease to pour,
Titania joins the green-sward dance no more:
Hush, ye wild bees, in vain your warblings rise,
Titania's ear now loves no sound but sighs:
Moon, veil thy light; birds, wake no song of joy;
Die, Joy, and Light, with my sweet Indian Boy!

" When his queen-mother to my guardian care
Consigned the child, was ever child so fair?
While bloomed his charms within my bowers divine,
Was ever mother's love more fond than mine?
Winged with delight each roseate moment flew,
No harm he dreaded, and no care he knew,
Till Oberon's partial love, or jealous rage,
Claimed the sweet changeling for his Henchman-Page.
Well could'st thou tell, when forced with thee to part,
What pangs, my Zelim, rent my boding heart!
What tears I shed! what wrath and envious spite
(Ere I would yield thee from my doating sight)
From my stern Lord I bore, yet held my sufferings light!

Still when he sued, I made this firm reply;
—'Not fairy-land of me that Boy shall buy!'[1]—
Still when that firm reply his anger drew,
I met his frown unmoved; for oh! I knew
Great though *his* care, far greater mine would be;
Well though *he* loved, he loved thee not like me!

"His power prevailed—oh! thence my woes I date,
His love was fatal as the fiercest hate!
'Twas in his train, that luckless night you roved,
When Lillia first was seen, and seen was loved;
And 'twas with *him* to hunt you sought the wood,
Which soon you purpled with Earl Bothwell's blood.
What though (when hurled the Thane his well-aimed spear,
Incensed that in his bounds you chased the deer)
The hand of Oberon caught the flying dart,
And bade yours pierce the stormy tyrant's heart?
Had'st thou been still *my* charge, I had not there
Bounded my friendship and confined my care!
I had not granted, that an earthly bride
Should e'er have slumbered by the Henchman's side:

[1] v. Midsummer's Night's Dream, Act II.

I had not yielded, that his time should be
Six months with Lillia past, six months with me:
And when the Clyde he sought, while midnight reigned,
(In altered form, for so our laws ordained)
To view the tower where Lillia wept forlorn,
I had not trusted the cairn-goran horn. [1]
No, Zelim, no! where-e'er you strayed, your Queen
Had watched your footsteps still, a guard unseen,
By day, by night, in forest, or in field;
Your call to answer, and her aid to yield,
These arms your shelter, and this heart your shield!
" Vain, vain regrets!—Fled is Titania's joy,
And Clyde now rolls o'er my sweet Indian Boy!"—
Grief choaked her voice—and why she wept and sighed,
How Zelim loved, and how through love he died,
Now sing, my Muse, but sing it soft and low;
List, Lady, list the tale—a tale of woe!
The midnight moon, which tinged with silver light
Bothwell's white rocks, (for Bothwell once was white,)

[1] The cairn-goran is the Scotch topaze.

Beheld Three Sisters, charged with many a weed
Of mystic power, from yonder castle speed.
Black Margaret's eyes glared with vindictive flame;
Pale seemed the next, who bore *Brown Marion's* name;
While frequent sighed the third; *Fair Lillia* she,
The last and loveliest of the sister-three.
—"Speed, Sisters, speed!" Black Margaret cried;
"the hour
Is near, when mandrakes shriek, and spells have power.
The moon-light feast and green-sward dance are o'er;
The shadowy tribes attend their king no more;
But each, as humour sways, his pastime makes,
His dreaded round till Dæmogorgon takes,
And drives the Fays, who lag till morning breaks.[1]
Now some, who haunt strong forts, or castles high,
Warn the scared Thane with shrieks, that danger's nigh:
Some flit the sluttish housewife's couch around,
And pinch and plague her while in slumber bound:

[1] v. Dryden's Tale of the Flower and the Leaf."

Or lead with meteor-fires the pilgrim wrong;
Or glide with corse-lights church-yard paths along;
Or from its cradle steal the new-born heir
To place some Fairy's idiot offspring there;
Or lure young wanton Knights to join their band,
And live the pleasant life of Elfin land,
Till seven swift years elapsed (so legends tell)
Their souls discharge King Oberon's debt to hell.[1]
But others, gentler, sweeter tasks pursue—
These quaff in acorn-cups the nectarine's dew;
While *those*, by fire-flies borne, through æther soar;
Or secret Ocean's coral groves explore;
Or plunder the wild bee; or gild their plumes
With gleams of moonshine; or condense perfumes,
Of power in spells, from flowery banks; or play
(Close hid in heather bells) a thousand frolicks gay,
And bid the wings of Love waft their blithe hours away!

"Yet whether earth, or air, or fire, or sea
Detains her now, how-far-so-e'er she be,

[1] vide the Tale of Tam Lin.

Those mystic rhymes, which Maudlin knows to sing,
Soon Bothwell's Brownie to our aid shall bring:
Nor doubt, that guardian spright our suit will hear
(If true our mother's tale) with gracious ear.
Oft have I heard her say, whene'er her pains
Had given a child to Bothwell's race, that strains
Of music (soon as tolled the midnight bell)
By her, and her alone, were heard to swell,
And straight mysterious sleep on all her damsels fell.
Then saw she by the lamp's blue glimmering light
A dame of beauteous form and pigmy height
Approach the cradle where the infant lay,
With looks of love its new-born charms survey,
Its pillow strew with flowers of fairy land,
And cross its forehead with her silver wand.
With lips diffusing rose-balm next she kist
Its tender cheek; then on its baby wrist,
Murmuring strange words, she bound a golden hair,
Spread her green wings, and straight was lost in air.
Still by that mystic twine our wrists are bound:
Speed, Sisters, speed! dead silence reigns around;

Closed is each prying eye and curious ear.—
Stay, Sisters, stay! Lo! Maudlin's hut is here."—
Its lowly roof and porch of rustic form
With straw well thatched against the winter storm,
Hard by the Clyde, embosomed deep in wood.
And far from public gaze the cottage stood.
Two chambers dark with smoke composed the abode,
Where housed familiar many a bloated toad;
And many a viper foul and odious eft
Their secret haunts at midnight oft had left,
Compelled by charms in slime and deadly gall
To smear Hell's secrets on the wizard wall.[1]
Here sang no bird; here bloomed nor shrub, nor flower;
But all those plants, which boast such baleful power
As turns to poison Heaven's salubrious dew,
In rank luxuriance round the hovel grew.

[1] This cottage still exists, though with some alterations; the toads have been turned out, and the walls having been white-washed, retain but few traces of the labours of the efts and vipers.

Nor sun, nor moon e'er pierced these shades profound;
But owls, and bats, and birds of fatal sound
Still brooded on the trees which gloomed around,
And while their screams alarmed the adjacent groves,
Now fiercely fought, and now pursued their loathsome loves.

The murderer, whom no mortal power dismayed,
Had feared to cross by night this haunted glade;
The bandit, though by hunger tortured sore,
Had feared to lift the latch of Maudlin's door;
That door at Hallow-e'en on Caithness hewed,
With Kraken's foam, and Sorcerer's blood imbrued,
Whose planks no earthly strength could hope to break,
Nor e'er could earthly hands its fastenings shake,
Save those whom Maudlin taught a secret spell
Of fearful power!—Black Margaret knew it well!
With practised hand the spell-fraught-lock she prest,
Thrice kissed the threshold, and thrice smote her breast! (1)

(1) This lock still guards the cottage door, and retains its magic virtues.

Slow turned the door; and void of doubt or dread,
Forward the elder twain adventurous sped,
While trembling Lillia followed where they led.

Her long lank fingers wreathed in mystic guise,
Haggard her looks, her limbs of giant size,
Maudlin, the mistress of this drear abode,
Knelt on the floor with rue and nightshade strowed,
Watching a cauldron, whose blood-tinctured flame
Illumed with sullen glare that ghastly dame.
And still she cast the fire its favourite food,
Hallowed tre-foil [2], witch-elm, and row'n-tree wood [3],
Which when she saw the ungodly flames destroy,
Harsh hollow laughter spoke her impious joy.
Round her strong loins a tattered plaid was cast,
Whose folds loose fluttering in the northern blast,
Streamed like a maniac's, and her girdle scorned
With brazen knobs of lion-heads adorned;

[2] v. Leyden's Tale of "The Elf King."

[3] v. the old ballad of "The Laidly Worm."

For at that hour when life she first obtained,
Lord of her fate's ascendant Leo reigned.
O'er her lank cheeks the staring bones stood far;
Her meagre breasts showed many a mystic scar,
Whence gore had gushed for spells, or in strange guise
Whence imps had nurture sucked—her blood-shot eyes
Rolled ceaseless round, and scowled with fiend-like glare.
Her scant remains of coal-black matted hair
In wild neglect down her bare shoulders hung;
And while blaspheming rhymes she hoarsely sung,
She gnashed her yellow teeth, and lolled her spiteful tongue.

The Sisters entered—nought the Wood-Witch said,
But on her pale thin lip in silence laid
One shrivelled finger—on the flames she threw
Their proffer'd herbs, then clasped her hands anew,
While round the cauldron nine-times-nine she paced;
Next magic circles nine-times-nine she traced,
And with a dead-man's arm the hell-broth stirred,
Thrice wildly shrieked, and spake a dreadful word;

A word, whose import split the rocks around,
And made deep groans of horror cleave the ground!
But what she spake (unmeet for Christian ear)
'Twere sin for *me* to say, 'twere sin for *you* to hear.
—"Now then draw near, my daughters!" Maudlin cried:
"That hair which round your wrists the Brownie tyed,
Unbinding, in yon blazing cauldron throw,
And as it burns, what secret each would know,
Let each declare, nor doubt the event."—She said,
And first Brown Marion thus the Hag obeyed.
—"I love, but love in vain!—A hopeless flame
Burns in my heart for one....I must not name!
Another boasts his hand, and charms his eye:
For her alone he lives, for her well pleased would die!*
And when with gasping breast and streaming hair
I clasp his knees, and sue in fond despair,
He pleads my rival's rights, my rival's charms,
Mocks my complaints, and flies my folding arms!

* Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

HORACE.

Small o'er man's eye or soul I own my power;
Nor gracious form is mine nor princely dower,
While many a bard fair Lillia's praises sounds,
And rich-born Margaret rules through Bothwell's bounds.
Yet, guardian-spright, teach but some winning art
To rob my rival of this precious heart;
Let me but see his brilliant eyes confer
Those looks on *me*, which now he pours on *her;*
Then shall Brown Marion in his dear embrace,
Though low her fortunes, and though coarse her face,
All other wealth, all other charms despise,
Rich in *his* love, and beauteous in *his* eyes.
O'er all but him may powerful Margaret reign;
Round all but him may Lillia wind her chain;
To them wealth, power, and beauty I resign,
This my sole prayer—"Let that one heart be mine!"—
Here Marion ceased—next Lillia silence broke,
And thus in faltering sounds the beauty spoke:
—"I love, and am beloved! through Bothwell's glade,
Led by the moon's pale light, as late I strayed,

And mourned my father's loss, amazed I stood
To hear a huntsman's horn alarm the wood!
And lo! a youth, the loveliest e'er I viewed,
Close to my path a milk-white hart pursued.
With Indian plumes his silver casque was gay,
And gems of price blazed on his bright array.
Round his full lips wantoned sweet smiles: his eyes
Blue, mild, and brilliant, shone like summer skies:
Fresher his cheeks than blush of morning glowed;
And wild, and free his chesnut ringlets flowed,
All gemmed with dew-drops, which a rainbow gleam
Caught from the lovely moon-shine's lucid stream.
He saw me!—From his steed he sprang, and swore
He ne'er for woman burned with love before,
Yet from that hour but lived, my beauty to adore!
I asked not, whence he came, and whither roved;
I only asked him, if *in truth* he loved:
Nor wealth the Huntsman sought, nor regal power;
He sought a *heart;* 'twas Lillia's only dower!
Awhile his suit I struggled to deny;
But who could long unmoved hear Zelim sigh?

Awhile did Margaret her consent refuse;
But who could long resist, when Zelim sues?
His hand was mine, my bliss compleat!—But soon
(Scarce since our bridal-night, six times the moon
Had filled her circle,) Lo! the Huntsman left
Lillia to mourn, of all she loved bereft!
Whither he went, in vain I prayed him tell:
Mournful his head he shook, and sighed "Farewell;"
Yet vowed, his heart for me should faithful burn,
Kist off my tears, and promised quick return.
Two months are past; he comes not back!—I throw
From Bothwell-towers my eyes in vain below.
In vain those towers I climb at break of morn;
Night comes, and still unheard is Zelim's horn!
Alas! where strays he? bears him land or sea?
Still does he live, and lives he still for me?
Perhaps, forgetful of his purer flame,
Some foreign wanton's arts, some lovelier dame....
Hence, jealous fears! oh! rack no more my breast!
Lull, guardian-Brownie, lull those fears to rest!
Teach me the means for aye man's heart to bind,
Charm his palled eye, and chain his wandering mind:

Faithful and fond her Huntsman-love restore
To Lillia's arms, and Lillia asks not more!"——
'Twas Margaret's turn—her dark eyes flashing fire,
—"Revenge!" she cried, "I blood for blood require!
These whining girls who prate of love-sick pains,
Of passion unrepaid, and faithless swains,
Must sure forget, that Blantyre's chapel owns
(Oh! grief of heart!) our murdered father's bones! 290
Unknown whose javelin gave his breast the wound,
The high-soul'd Thane in his own woods was found
All bathed in blood! No art could life recall!
No word he spake; no eye beheld him fall;
No trace was left to guide my sacred hate,
And show, on whom should burst the storm of fate.
In vain my spies have traversed land and sea:
Now, Guardian-Brownie, now I fly to thee!
If (as our annals tell) our favoured race
Still found thy succour, and still shared thy grace, 300
Oh! hear my prayer, nor let the assassin boast,
—'Vainly for vengeance wails Earl Bothwell's ghost!'—

Spill but his blood by whom my sire's was spilt;
Give but some clue to track this son of guilt;
And though that moment, when *his* dying groan
Shall charm mine ear, be doomed to hear my own,
I'll strike my poniard to his heart, and cry,
—'Revenge is mine!'—kiss my good steel, and die!"—
Ere yet she ceased to speak, wide yawned the ground;
The cauldron sank, and all was dark!—the sound
Of wings came rushing on the blast; and lo!
In soft sweet tones these words were heard to flow.
—"Where Blantyre's sacred spires ascend (what time
Rings through the echoing aisles the midnight chime)
A beauteous Spaniel oft is seen to stray,
Nor quits the river's bank, till breaks the day.
Damsels, that Spaniel seized, that Spaniel slain,
Gives each her wish—I may not more explain,
Nor further aid....but morning bids me fly!
I know that footstep; Dæmogorgon's nigh!

Swift strides the Fiend along, and swift each fay
Flies from his brandished scourge—away, away!
Sisters, farewell; the Spaniel's life pursue!
Success be yours, for *mine* depends on you."—
Hushed is the voice, and ceased the charm—the room
Again the cauldron's lurid flames illume:
From Margaret's hand her meed the witch receives,
And now with gladsome haste each Sister leaves
That heaven-abhorred abode—the sky was fair:
Bright shone the morning star; refreshing air
Played on their cheeks with magic vigils wan,
While through the dew-sprent paths so light they ran,
They skimmed the lawn, yet scarcely bent its flowers,
And reached, as matins rung, their native towers.

BOOK THE SECOND.

Two nights beneath that rock, whence Blantyre sees
Clyde's winding course, concealed by sheltering trees,
Now vainly watched the Sisters—On the third
(Soon as the midnight hymn to rise was heard)
Sudden with horns and hounds the green-wood rang,
And the rock opening, forth a Spaniel sprang.
Large yellow spots adorned his milk-white coat;
His long ears swept the earth; and round his throat,
A bright cairn-goran horn was loosely tyed
By golden chains—he sought the river's side,
And oft essayed the further bank to gain,
Where Bothwell stood, but still essayed in vain.
At length with piteous whine, and drooping air
He left the hopeless task; in mute despair

Prone on the sand his wearied limbs he laid,
And with fixt longing eyes that tower surveyed,
Whence Lillia bade her Huntsman-love adieu,
And as he went, still parting kisses blew.
Then high beat Margaret's heart! she thought he slept,
Her poniard drew, and near him softly crept;
Already aimed her hand the stroke of death;
When, lo! the horn (waked by no mortal breath)
Sent forth a piercing blast, and quick as thought
unprized and scared his rock the Spaniel sought.
Black Margaret foamed with rage; while Marion strove
To lure the trembler back.—With signs of love
Rich cates she proffered of delicious smell,
And wooed him kindly to forsake his cell.
Nor seemed her gifts the Spaniel to despise;
Awhile he viewed the maid with doubting eyes,
Then ventured forth *one* paw (for still he feared);
Another soon; at last his *tail* appeared!
And now in fancy Margaret grasped once more
Her destined prey; when louder than before

Again the horn poured forth its boding sound!
Again the Spaniel fled, again had found
His safety in the rock, when —" Stay! oh! stay!"—
Fair Lillia's silver voice was heard to say:
" Stay, Spaniel, stay! what fear'st thou, pretty thing?
Why fly thy friends? why scorn the gifts they bring?
No ruthless scourge, no hostile wolf is near;
Kind hearts and guardian hands alone are here:
And wilt thou leave thy rock, and dwell with me,
My food *thy* food, *my* bed *thy* bed shall be.
Come, Spaniel, come! by day my steps attend,
And guard by night thy mistress and thy friend.
Come, Spaniel, come! I'll wash thy silky coat
With mine own hands; and still thy milk-white throat
A glittering band shall for a collar wear,
With Lillia's name embossed in Lillia's hair.
Alas! the summer's pleasant time is past;
Chill falls the dew; and ah! how keen the blast
Well by thy shivering limbs I see confest!
Come, Spaniel, come, and warm thee....on my breast!"—

She ceased, nor was't in vain her music flowed.
The enraptured Spaniel left his safe abode,
And where she sat, still near and nearer drew,
Though still the guardian horn so loudly blew,
That with the sound hill, dale, and water rung!
But nought the Spaniel heard, save Lillia's tongue;
But nought the Spaniel saw, save Lillia's charms,
Crept to her feet, and leapt into her arms.
—"The prize is ours!" cried Margaret.—Swift she drew
Once more her steel, and tow'rds him straight she flew,
Who, all forgot but lovely Lillia, still
Eyed her with looks, which spoke such right good-will,
Such tender interest, and such fond delight,
That Lillia's soul was melted at the sight!
—"Hold! hold!" she cried; but ah! she cried too late!
Margaret already signed her victim's fate;
His heart already poured its precious tide!—
The Spaniel groaned, licked Lillia's hand, and died.
Sisters, ye triumph!——Why then breaks no voice
Night's silence with the signal to rejoice?

Why drops from Margaret's hand her poniard? Why
(While Marion's bloodless lip and lifeless eye,
That strange despair has chilled her heart, proclaim)
Does frantic Lillia shriek out *Zelim's* name?
Alas! no Spaniel now deludes their sight!
Broke is the Elfin spell! the lunar light
Full on the victim pours its cruel gleam,
And shows from Zelim's bosom flowed the stream,
Which purples Margaret's steel—'twas he, whene'er
From Oberon's court he strayed, compelled to wear
That Spaniel-form, till twice three months were o'er,
And time to Lillia should her love restore.
'Twas he (though viewless chains to cross the flood
Forbade, or reach the bank where Bothwell stood)
Who nightly sought the adjacent shore, at least
With that so well-known tower his sight to feast,
Whence Lillia looked her last farewell! 'Twas he,
Whom most she wished, whom now most *grieved* to see!
'Twas he, of all who e'er love's worship knew,
Most fair, most brave, most tender, and most true!

'Twas he, 'twas Lillia's life, and joy, and pride!
Whom Lillia loved past all the world beside!
Who but for Lillia *lived*....and now through Lillia died!

As when in Bothwell's modern halls (where now
The Chief of Douglas reigns) with clammy brow,
Eyes widely stretched, pale cheek, and trembling knees,
At midnight, if by chance some menial sees,
In blood-stained arms, with shadowy pomp and pride,
Earl Archibald-the-Grim's tall spectre glide;
Straight leaves the guiding lamp his clay-cold hand,
His thickening blood congeals at Fear's command,
And fixt by horror to his station fast,
He stands a statue, till the vision's past:—
Thus long the Sisters stood, confused, amazed,
And on the beauteous corse despairing gazed
In speechless trance!—but now once more they feel,
Once more they speak!—they execrate the steel....
The hand....the heart....but chief their curses light
On the witch Maudlin and her treacherous spright.

Their shrieks alarm the echoing shores of Clyde—
—"The Brownie! the false Brownie!" wild they cried;
Nor cried unheard—for lo! a watery ray
Shot from the moon, and winged to earth its way.
Again deep silence chains the Sister-three;
For on that moon-beam borne, a form they see
So strangely radiant, and so lovely dread,
It chills their blood, and strikes their spirits dead.
Through her fine limbs, air-woven, pure, and bright,
The passing moonshine gleamed with golden light.
Her robes, which graceful flowed adown her feet,
(In eve-drops washed and bleached by starry heat,)
Were glittering-white as Bothwell rocks; save where
Loose from her shoulders streamed a plaid in air
Of Bothwell tartan; but no mortal dye
E'er poured such glorious colours on the eye:—
The hues, which decked it, once had decked the sky.
Its web was spun by glow-worms: Spring was seen
To streak it with her earliest freshest green:
From bright July was caught the noon-tide blue:
May's loveliest morn had lent the aurora hue;

While to afford these tints harmonious shade,
Clear as they burn, and beauteous as they fade,
Autumnal sun-sets on the texture shed
Deep-glowing blushes of purpureal red.

Yet though ætherial charms, and fairy grace,
Breathed through her form and beamed upon her face,
What settled woe that lovely face betrayed!
Round her sweet lips no laughing pleasures played;
The rose that once had decked her cheek was gone,
And on her eye-lids pearls of sorrow shone.
Her emerald wings were closed and drooping! Dead
The water-lilies seemed that wreathed her head,
Mid whose closed leaves with coruscations bright
Innocuous flashing, glowed the northern light.
Wild and dispersed her air-borne tresses streamed;
And in her pearly hand a javelin gleamed,
Whose blood-impurpled barb whene'er she eyed,
She gave an elritch cry, and turned her head aside.

Soon as that spot, which Zelim's heart had stained,
With its best drops, the beauteous Vision gained,
With haughty glance the Sisters she surveyed,
And thus in sounds angry, yet sweet, she said.

—"Why rise these frenzied clamours? Why defame
These wrathful shrieks the Bothwell-Brownie's name?
What sought ye, unobtained? or what did I,
When asked in Maudlin's hut, untrue reply?
Black Margaret asked *revenge;* 'tis hers, for know,
'Twas Zelim's javelin laid Earl Bothwell low.
"*That he, on whom her fond soul hung, might ne'er
Prove faithless to his vows,*" was Lillia's prayer:
And is't not heard? she views yon bleeding youth,
And doubts no more her Huntsman-lover's truth.
And Marion (she, who still a guilty flame
In secret nursed "*for one....she might not name;*"
Who, spite of marriage vows, still doating hung
On Zelim's angel-face, and angel tongue),
Can *she* with right these imputations throw,
Taxing my want of faith?—Ungrateful, no!
My word is kept, and thine the wished-for prize;
'Twas Zelim's heart!—lo! at thy feet it lies.
—"Ye weep?—Oh! faster gushed my tears that night,
(Cursed be its birth, for fatal was its flight,)

When, by the Elf-King guided, Zelim's dart
Winged its sure flight, to pierce your father's heart;
Nor pierced his heart alone. That ruthless blow
In fairy-land gave costlier blood to flow,
And bade a mother's soul ache with immortal woe!
Oh! Amiel, Amiel!—name most dear, most sad!
I had a son....oh! grief to say, I *had!*
How fair he was....no speech can e'er reveal;
How dear he was....no heart but mine can feel.
Witness the joy, with which (my travail past)
First to my swelling heart I held him fast,
And wept, and smiled, and kist him o'er and o'er;
And thought, with every kiss I loved him more,
And him with every kiss grown fairer than before!—
Be witness too my fears (oh! fears too wise!)
When dread reflection placed before mine eyes
This antient fairy-law [1]—'a son whene'er
Some Brownie in that point of time shall bear,

[1] This idea was suggested by an old tradition respecting certain fantastic Beings, whom the Germans denominate the Silent People.

When first her Castle's Heir salutes the light,
We to *his* fate that Brownie-child's unite.
Whate'er of ill the Castle's Heir shall know,
Alike the Brownie child shall feel the blow:
Whate'er of good shall bless the Castle's Heir,
That cup of joy the Brownie child shall share.
Through life, (its beams if Fortune's sun reveal,
Or hide its orb in clouds,) in woe or weal,
In sickness or in health, in grief or joy,
One thread shall guide each sympathetic boy.
Then when Time's hand at length shall gently close
The mortal's lids, and give the grave's repose,
The Brownie child, with fears no more oppress,
With lasting youth and lasting beauty blest,
Shall inmate live for aye of fairy bowers,
Partake our pleasures, and possess our powers.
But ere that period, should untimely Death
Cut short with spectre-hand the mortal's breath,
Then too the grave'—my tongue denies to say
What forfeit claims that law; for oh! the day,
Which first on Amiel's eyes diffused its light,
Shed the first sun-beams on Earl Bothwell's sight.

"I loved....as mothers love!—then judge, how deep
My grief to lose, how warm my wish to keep!
Judge with what love, what fear, what zeal, what care,
By day, by night, I watched my Castle's Heir!
If in the arms of sleep the babe was locked,
I viewless guard, his wicker couch I rocked;
And closed his nodding nurse her careless eye,
My rushing wings soon made her slumbers fly.
Then did he start when rung the midnight chime,
To rest I charmed him with some magic rhyme.
Did Winter frown? unseen, I round him cast
My plaid to shield him from the piercing blast.
Did Summer's dazzling sun too fiercely glare?
My fanning pinions cooled the sultry air.
In chace or tourney if he urged his steed,
I cleared each stone that might his course impede.
In battle when he braved some feudal foe,
My diamond shield received each dangerous blow.
Did sickness grieve his frame, or care his soul?
With precious balsam I enriched his bowl
From Elfin-flowers exprest; and when he slept,
If near his couch the hag-rid Night-mare crept,

I scared the fiend abhorred, and in her stead
Bade roseate visions flit round Bothwell's bed.
Then dared no torturing dream his mind invade:
Quenched each fierce light, and brightened every shade,
I drew enjoyments ne'er enjoyed before,
Recalled past pleasures, promised millions more,
New friends, high power, land stretched from East to West,
Foes yet unvanquished, loves yet unpossest,
Days of victorious toil, and nights of jovial rest.
"Oh! love too ill repaid! oh! fruitless care!
Lo! Zelim's javelin cuts the midnight air!
Can man's, can fairy's arm its flight arrest,
When *Oberon* guides the barb to Bothwell's breast?
Oh! no!—the victim falls!—and hark!—a cry....
From fairy-land it came!—I speed!—I fly
As lightning fleet!—I find my broken rose
Thrown on the unworthy earth! How swiftly flows
From his deep-wounded breast the living flood!
Closed are his heavenly eyes; and bathed in blood,
His own dear blood, streams loose his golden hair
Contrasting with his cheek so pale, so fair!

Frantic I sink my darling child beside;
Strive with my lips to staunch that gushing tide;
And from all nature with vain prayers entreat
One breath of life, one spark of vital heat,
To animate that Dear-one![1]—At my cries
Once more (alas! but once) he raised his eyes,
And fixed them on my face! still, still I see
Those eyes, which never more will look on me!
Still, still I hear that voice, whose hollow strain
Told me, I ne'er should hear his voice again!
I shrieked!—I caught him to my heart!—'twas done!—
Cold were his lips!—I had no more a son.

"And while such thorns were rankling in my breast,
And while remembrance still denies me rest,
(Retracing on my heart with anguish sore
What once was mine, but must be mine no more,)
Ye wonder, that with hate the wretch I viewed,
Who stabbed that heart? that hating I pursued

[1] This last idea was borrowed from Schiller.

My just revenge? revenge too long delayed!
In vain each snare I placed, each art essayed
To work his harm, by whom my darling died;
For still my subtlest snares that horn defied,
Round Zelim's neck which anxious Oberon bound,
Of dangers near to warn with guardian sound.
Thanks, Lillia! Margaret, thanks!—alone to you
This praise I owe, that at my feet I view
My foe stretched lifeless—come, thou fatal dart,
Purpled so deep in streams from Bothwell's heart,
Come! let my wrath efface those hateful stains
In the best blood, which flowed through Zelim's veins!
Next of that blood three drops I'll catch, and tear
Thus from his brow three locks of sunny hair,
To burn upon the tomb where Amiel's laid,
Offering most grateful to his bleeding shade.
Now then I'll speed....But oh! what magic flame
Bursts from the river's bed!—my conscious frame
What terrors seize!—oh! whither shall I fly?
Where hide me from the lightning of his eye?
What cave will shelter....wretched, wretched elf!
He comes! he comes!—'Tis he! 'tis Oberon's self!"—

—" Yes, traitress, yes!" the King exclaimed (his hand
Convulsed by passion shook his lilly wand;
Dark frowned his beauteous brow, and still the trace
Of tears obscured the glories of his face.)
—" Yes, traitress, yes! 'tis Oberon's self, and just
Those fears, which bid thy ringlets sweep the dust.
Dead is the youth (I weep that death to tell!)
Whom Oberon and Titania loved so well;
Dead, and through thee!—And could thy frenzy dream,
Rebellious elf, thy Sovereign's tears should stream,
And thou the cause remain unpunished?—No!—
By that dread forfeit, which to hell we owe!
By the fond tears, which Kenna's doomed to shed,
When Spring's first snow drop pictures Albion dead![1]
By the cross road, where (spite of Elfin din)
Bold Janet watched and won her famed Tam Lin![2]

[1] v. Tickell's " Kensington Gardens."

[2] v. The old Ballad of " Tam Lin."

By the blest sounds in ears of Paynims poured,
Which saved young Huon from the Caliph's sword![1]
By the green cup which changed to whinstone blue,
Soon as St. Clair had roused our sleeping crew![2]
By Edwin's joy, when from my roof he fell,
And bade his shape's disgrace for aye farewell![3]
By the lost ring, which made the marble Dame
To Rupert's hand assert her midnight claim![4]
By the witch-elm, where erst was sleeping seen,
And by my spells enslaved, King Orfeo's Queen![5]
By that strange volume, whence the goblin Page,
One spell surprising, rouzed dead Michael's rage![6]
(By the black drops from Sorcerers' veins that flow,
To sign their compact with the Powers below!)

[1] Wieland's Oberon.

[2] Leyden's Tale of the Elf-King.

[3] Parnel's "Fairy Tale."

[4] "The Ring," a Ballad, by T. Moore, published in Little's Poems.

[5] Old Romance of "Orfeo."

[6] W. Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel.

By all the sprights of earth, air, fire, and sea! 330
And by *that* name so awful e'en to *me*,
I swear (and swearing, thrice I sign my breast,
And thrice I bow me, North, South, East, and West,)
Thou ne'er shalt join our visionary band,
Nor taste again the bliss of fairy-land,
'Till twice three hundred years of pain are o'er,
When cruel kindness shall thy form restore. [1]
Till then, a banished wretch, from clime to clime
In Spaniel-shape (memorial of thy crime),

[1] The above prediction has long occupied the attention and excited the curiosity of the antiquarian world; but all researches were made in vain, till its solution was given [very lately] in a petition laid by the Brownie herself at the feet of the present Lady Douglas; by whose favor she has been restored to Bothwell, though she still is concealed in Spaniel-shape, and has thought it prudent to assume the name of Tiney.

It may be necessary to add, that certain mysterious circumstances had induced a Lady to accuse Tiney in verse of being the identical Dæmon, who, under the name of *Biondetta*, plays so conspicuous a part in "*Le Diable Amoureux*;" and the following lines were composed to rescue her character from this ungrounded imputation:

Stray thou unceasing!—Hence! my power obey! 310
Hence!..thus I rend thy glittering wings away!

TINEY'S PETITION,

ADDREST TO

The Right Hon. Lady Douglas.

——"Never since the middle summer's spring
Met we on hill, in forest, dale, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook.

MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT'S DREAM

Oh! Lady, list with gracious ear!
Your Spaniel, filled with grief and fear,
Thus humbly greets your highness:
She heard this morning, much surprized,
That Beelzebub is here disguised,
And in whose form . . . . . but Tiney's!

Thus break thy silver wand, and thus with mine
In Dæmogorgon's name, a magic sign

Dear Lady, bid suspicion fly;
These lips of mine ne'er breathed a lye,
This breast ne'er harboured evil;
Let no vain fears your fancy clog;
Hear but my tale, and though no dog,
You'll find, that I'm no devil.

There was a time, though now you view
Four legs, that Tiney played on two
Each frolicksome vagary;
On emerald pinions borne, she roved
Mid' Bothwell's towers and shades beloved,
And was their guardian Fairy:

Till Oberon, with resentment stung,
[His binding spells forbid my tongue
To tell that mystic story]
Rent my charmed wings of glittering green,
And lo! in Tiney's place was seen
The dog, who whines before ye.

Trace on thy front—'tis done! the wizard spell
Spreads o'er her form!—False Spright, a long farewell!

At Blenheim doomed to mourn her woes,
There many a year her hairy nose
Salt tears poor Tiney soaks in;
For ah! no fay is Tiney now;
Her only spell is—" Bow-wow-wow!"—
Her only art is coaxing.

But Elfin laws forbid, that e'er
A fay should know compleat despair;
And soothing Oberon's rigour,
Fate made before her magic glass
The Dame, who should relieve me pass;
Lady, she wore your figure.

Yet ere arrived the destined hour
To give me back my fairy power,
Whole years I past in sorrow;
I watched and wept the night away,
And still if fruitless proved the day,
As fruitless proved the morrow.

Speak not!—thy arts are known, thy crime is clear;
Unmoved thy tears I see, thy plaints I hear;

Thus mourned I, till through Blenheim's grove
One summer morn I saw you rove;
With joy I almost fainted!
Pleased on my back I turned, and tried
To play such tricks, as testified,
—"Dear Madam, we're acquainted!"—

This won your heart! by you conveyed,
Once more I sought dear Bothwell's shade;
And now (if such your pleasure)
By glow-worm light I soon again
Shall frolic in Titania's train,
And weave the mystic measure.

For know, when last her tranquil light
The moon renewed, once more (his flight
With hope and terror viewing)
I saw the offended Fairy King
His course o'er Clyde's blue waters wing,
And pause o'er Bothwell's ruin.

Vain are thy murmurs, vain thy weak defence!
Sylphs of the South-wind, rise, and waft her hence.

In humblest guise, his heart to move,
I dropt my tail; with signs of love
I ventured next to shake it.
The King with pity saw my pain;
And he, whose magic formed my chain,
Has taught me how to break it.

Now, Lady, learn the means to show
My story's truth, and end my woe!
White Pass you've often read of;
Treat *me* like *her!*—my form restore,
And kindly deign (I ask no more)
To chop my tail and head off.

Yet should I find this boon denied,
And still to gambol by your side,
Should Tiney's fate enslave her;
Though lost for aye her fairy skill,
She'll ne'er repine, possessing still
Enough to keep your favour.

"Sisters, your rash feet stay!—In vain ye fly:
Ere morning dawns, your forms shall meet the eye
Hard as your hearts, which bade my Henchman die.
Ye rocks of Bothwell, greet no more the sight
Arrayed in Virtue's livery, spotless *white:*
Henceforth with blushing foreheads stain the flood,
To pilgrim-eyes recalling Zelim's blood!
And ye, proud towers, in crumbling fragments fall!
Reign, Silence, reign through each abandoned hall,
Save from some room of state when shrieks the owl,
Or claps the bat her wing; or sabbaths foul
When Beldames hold; or when some ghost in pain
Lifts the shrill wail, and clanks the infernal chain.
"Rise, winds and waves, and roar, till breaks the day;
Then die at once!—'Tis Oberon calls!—Obey!"—
He ceased; and straight an earthquake rocked the ground:
Loud thunders burst, blue lightning flashed around.
High swelled the river; soon its mounds it broke:
Whirlwinds sprang loose, and many a groaning oak

Fell victim to their rage!—Yet while each rock
Re-bellowed to the tempest's thundering shock,
Still could the Monks in Blantyre Priory hear
The falling Castle's crash.—In awe and fear
Those Heaven-vowed Fathers past the live-long night
With prayers, and tears, and many a ghostly rite,
Watching the sand-glass run with wistfull eye,
And whispering,—"Jesu! sure, thy judging-day is nigh!"—

But soon as blew the cock his clarion shrill,
The storm expired at once!—The air was still,
Fled every cloud; so gently sighed the breeze,
It mocked the ear; and motionless the trees
Slept with the sleep of death: no sound was heard,
Save the light twittering of some matin bird,
Or where soft gurgling loved the Clyde to pass,
While Zephyr's wing scarce curled its liquid glass.

Struck by this sudden change, their cloistered Fane
The Friars forsake: the river's bank they gain,
And start, surprised to see a sanguine gleam
From Bothwell's rocks reflected on the stream.
Meanwhile, with anxious cries and wonder loud,
Grouped on the further shore, the vassal-crowd

Mourn o'er the Castle's wreck, and oft exclaim
Some Margaret's, Marion's some, more Lillia's name.
And now in haste they leap the shattered walls,
Scale the split towers, and search the roofless halls:
No traces of the Sisters meet their eyes!
No voice but Echo's to their shouts replies!
At length convinced too well their quest is vain,
The crowd retires, and all their homes regain;
Though marvelling much, that none should missing be
Of all the Castle's inmates, save those Three.
Not so the Prior; he shook his hoary head,
And—"Much I fear," thus to his Monks he said,
"Scorn of our order hath at length drawn down
On those irreverent Dames St. Bothan's frown!
Our chapel's floor, when mass was chaunted, ne'er
Their knees in penance bent were known to wear;
But aye at matin-chime and vesper-hour
Their beads they told, each in her secret bower!
Confession they disdained, and still as well
Concealed their sins....as had they none to tell!
They burnt no tapers at St. Bothan's shrine;
Nor bade with gorgeous gifts his altars shine;

Nor joyed to waste the pale lamp's midnight oil,
Plying their needles with unwearied toil
Through zeal to deck with richly-wrought attire
St. Bothan's statue, or St. Bothan's Prior.
Their errors now....alas! *too late*, they see:
But hold! such crimes deserve no sigh from me:
'Twas the Saint's will; so *benedicite!*"—
He said; the obedient Monks applauding heard,
And following facts stamped judgement on the word:
For when eve's balmy breath allayed the heat,
And o'er the waves of Clyde blew fresh and sweet,
As strayed the Prior along the winding shore,
Three crags he marked, which none e'er marked before.
A strange thought crost his mind!—he nearer came,
And on each rock impressed, a well-known name
Trembling he read!—at once the truth he guessed,
A pater-noster said, and signed his breast;
Then back to Blantyre sped, and bade there be
An annual mass said for that Sister-three
So strangely snatched from life—the Monks obeyed;
And aye those annual rites were duly paid,

While Scotland's hardy sons and daughters fair
Still owned obedience to St. Peter's chair,
Bowed with due reverence to the priestly cope,
And dreaded much the Devil, and more the Pope.
But when proud Heresy, on earth to dwell,
At Luther's call forsook her native hell,
That Harpy's breath soon poisoned Scotland's gale;
And pious clouds no more had power to veil
Rome's venerable weakness—Impious hands
Then seized on cloistered gems and Abbey lands;
Cancelled the bonds by dying misers given
To buy with worldly wealth a right to Heaven; [1]
And marred the bargains (maugre monkish plaints)
Of sorrowing sinners and of would-be saints.
Robbed of support, and viewed with general hate,
Monastic piles then found one common fate,
Wreck and contempt: and Blantyre with the rest,
Beneath the tempest bowed her spiry crest.

[1] No silver saints, by dying misers given
Here bribed the wrath of ill-requited Heaven.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

No more with pealing anthems rang her choir,
No more were masses said for souls in fire:
No more his labour's fruit the peasant bore,
A hard-earned offering, to the chapel's door;
And soon, her sons disperst, the crumbling Fane
Saw in her grassy cloisters silence reign.
Bothwell's Three Ladies shared the Priory's lot;
Their memories, nay, their names are now forgot:
Though still those names each Sister-Crag displays,
Seldom they draw the careless Traveller's gaze;
Or (if he reads) the work he thinks them still
Of love-lorn striplings from the neighbouring Mill. [1]
Meanwhile, Clyde Kelpies [2] in their river's bed
Dug Zelim's grave, and wreathed his beauteous head
With flowers unfading.——As in earth they lay
The ill-starred youth, Spright, Spunkie, Elf, and Fay,
Sigh o'er the corse a long, a last farewell,
Raise the sad dirge, and sound the passing bell.

[1] The Cotton Mill, near Bothwell.

[2] Water-Spirits.

Slow o'er that funeral spot Clyde's waters roll,
To huntsmen fatal still, and called "*The Huntsman's Hole.*" [3]

Since then, to Bothwell's Lord though danger's near,
No Brownie's warning strikes his startled ear:
No circles now, with livelier verdure crowned,
Betray, where Fairies formed the moonlight round.
To climes far distant, and less guilty meads
His phantom-train indignant Oberon leads,
And all the fairy-people shun the flood,
Whose streams were sullied with their Favourite's blood.
Yet once methought, as all alone I strayed,
(While on the Clyde's smooth bosom trembling played
The golden moonshine: all was calm around,
And hushed the midnight air) I caught a sound
So sweet..so strange...so pure from touch of earth..
To call it *music*, were to wrong its worth.
But whether 'twas the ghost of bonnie Jane,
Whose shadowy lute sent forth that plaintive strain;

[3] Not long ago, in attempting to pass the River on horseback, another huntsman perished in this very spot.

Or 'twas the charmed cairn-goran horn, which played
Self-blown a requiem to its Master's shade;
Or rather was't the Indian Huntsman's knell
By mermaids rung.....in sooth I may not tell.
My earth-born verse it more befits to show,
From this wild tale what useful truths may flow;
And try (while now my Muse in maniac's gown
Binds the last straws on her fantastic crown)
From critic-wrath my idle rhyme to save
By moral meaning and instruction grave.
Oh! Lovely Sex, your gracious hearing lend;
For *you* I sing! —— Oh! Lovely Sex; attend!

MORAL.

Let none, who read the tale of *Margaret's* ire,
E'er kill a puppy to revenge a sire!
By *Marion* warned, ye virtuous maids and wives,
Court not your sister's spouses for your lives!
And ye, who love as *Lillia* loved, and fain
Would bind your husband's hearts with lasting chain;

But fear, their eyes should prettier babies see
In other eyes than yours, learn this from me:
—"*Firm to one love man's truant thoughts to bind,*
Chain his wild will, and fix his vain loose mind,"
[From sage Confucius this receipt I quote]
"*One means alone is certain—CUT HIS THROAT.*"

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

D. N. SHURY, Printer, Berwick Street.

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3 0112 049094250